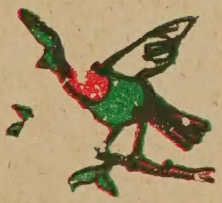
THE CANADIAN READERS

BOOK IV

Arthur 1a

Molly Tams



EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES

THE CANADIAN READERS

Book IV

Authorized for Use in the Public Schools of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia

TORONTO

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FOURTH READER

DOMINION HYMN

God bless our wide Dominion,
  Our fathers' chosen land,
And bind in lasting union,
  Each ocean's distant strand,
From where Atlantic terrors
  Our hardy seamen train,
To where the salt sea mirrors
  The vast Pacific chain.

Our sires when times were sorest
  Asked none but aid Divine,
And cleared the tangled forest,
  And wrought the buried mine.
They tracked the floods and fountains,
  And won, with master hand,
Far more than gold in mountains, —
  The glorious prairie land.

Inheritors of glory,
  Oh! countrymen! we swear
To guard the flag that o'er ye
  Shall onward victory bear.

Where'er through earth's far regions
  Its triple crosses fly,
For God, for home, our legions
  Shall win, or fighting, die!

— The Duke of Argyll

THE SHOEMAKER AND THE ELVES

There was once an honest shoemaker who worked very hard at his trade; yet through no fault of his own he grew poorer and poorer. At last he had only just enough leather to make one pair of shoes. In the evening he cut out the leather, so as to be ready for making the shoes the next day.

He rose early in the morning and went to his bench. But what did he see? There stood the pair of shoes, already made. The poor man could hardly believe his eyes, and he did not know what to think. He took the shoes in his hand to look at them closely. Every stitch was in its right place. A finer piece of work was never seen.

Very soon a customer came, and the shoes pleased him so well that he willingly paid a higher price than usual for them. The shoemaker now had enough money to buy leather for two pairs of shoes. In the evening he cut them out with great care and went to bed early, that he might be up in good time the next day. But he was saved all trouble; for, when he rose in the morning, two pairs of well-made shoes stood in a row upon his bench.

Presently in came customers who paid him a high price

for the shoes, and, with the money that he received, he bought enough leather to make four pairs of shoes. Again he cut the work out overnight, and again he found it finished in the morning. The shoemaker's good fortune continued. All the shoes he cut out during the day were finished at night. The good man rose early, and he was busy every moment of the day. Every pair found ready sale. "Never did shoes wear so long," said the buyers.

One evening, about Christmas time, the shoemaker said to his wife, "Let us watch to-night and see who it is that does this work for us." So they left a light burning and hid themselves behind a curtain which hung in the corner of the room. As soon as it was midnight, there came two little dwarfs. They sat down upon the shoemaker's bench and began to work with their tiny fingers, stitching and rapping and tapping away. Never had the good shoemaker and his wife seen such rapid work. The elves did not stop till the task was quite finished, and the shoes stood ready for use upon the table. This was long before daybreak, and then they bustled away as quick as lightning.

The next day the shoemaker's wife said to her husband, "These little folk have made us rich, and we ought to be thankful to them and do them a service in return. They must be cold, for they have nothing on their backs to keep them warm. I shall make each of them a suit of clothes, and you shall make some shoes for them."

This the shoemaker was very glad to do. When the little suits and the new shoes were finished, they were laid on the bench instead of the usual work. Again the good people hid themselves in the corner of the room to watch.

About midnight the elves appeared. When they found the neat little garments waiting for them, they showed the greatest delight. They dressed in a moment, and jumped and capered and sprang about, until they danced out of the door and over the green.

Never were they seen again, but everything went well with the shoemaker and his wife from that time forward, as long as they lived.

—Grimm.

A HINDU FABLE

It was six men of Hindustan,
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the elephant
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The *First* approached the elephant,
And happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
"I clearly see the elephant
Is very like a wall!"

The *Second*, feeling round the tusk,
Cried: "Ho! what have we here,
So very round, and smooth, and sharp!
To me it is quite clear,
This wonder of an elephant
Is very like a spear!"

The *Third* approached the animal,
And happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a snake!"

The *Fourth* reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee:
"What most this wondrous beast is like
To me is plain," said he;
"'Tis clear enough the elephant
Is very like a tree!"

The *Fifth*, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said: "Even the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most;
Deny the fact who can,

This marvel of an elephant
  Is very like a fan!"

The *Sixth* no sooner had begun
  About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail,
  That fell within his scope:
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
  Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Hindustan
  Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
  Exceeding stiff and strong;
Though each was partly in the right
  And all were in the wrong.

— John Godfrey Saxe.

THE POT OF GOLD

In Italy there was once a farmer who had a fine olive orchard. He was very industrious, and the farm always prospered under his care. But he knew that his three sons despised the farm work and were eager to make wealth fast, through adventure.

When the farmer was old and felt that his time had come to die, he called the three sons to him and said, "My sons, there is a pot of gold hidden in the olive orchard. Dig for it, if you wish it." The sons tried to get him to tell them in what part of the orchard the gold was hidden; but he would tell them nothing more.

After the farmer was dead, the sons went to work to find the pot of gold. As they did not know where the hiding-place was, they agreed to begin in a line, at one end of the orchard, and to dig until one of them should find the money. They dug until they had turned up the soil from one end of the orchard to the other, round the tree-roots and between them. But no pot of gold was to be found. The three sons were bitterly disappointed to have all their work for nothing.

The next olive season, the olive trees in the orchard bore more fruit than they had ever given; the fine cultivating they had had from the digging brought so much fruit, and of so fine a quality, that when it was sold it gave the sons a whole pot of gold! And when they saw how much money had come from the orchard, they suddenly understood what the wise father had meant when he said, "There is gold hidden in the orchard; dig for it."

—Selected.

SEPTEMBER

The golden-rod is yellow,
The corn is turning brown,
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun,
In dusky pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.

The sedges flaunt their harvest
In every meadow nook,
And asters by the brookside
Make asters in the brook.

By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of beauty
And autumn's best of cheer.

— Helen Hunt Jackson.

I am glad a task to me is given,
To labor at day by day;
For it brings me health and strength and hope,
And I cheerfully learn to say:
"Head, you may think; Heart, you may feel;
But Hand, you shall work alway."

THE GOLDEN WINDOWS

All day long the little boy worked hard, in field and barn and shed, for his people were poor farmers and could not pay a workman; but at sunset there came an hour that was all his own, for his father had given it to him. Then the boy would go up to the top of a hill and look across at another hill that rose some miles away. On this far hill stood a house with windows of clear gold and diamonds. They shone and blazed, so that it made the boy wink to look at them; but after a while the people in the house put up shutters, as it seemed, and then it looked like any common farmhouse. The boy supposed they did this because it was supper-time; and then he would go into the house, and have his supper of bread and milk, and go to bed.

One day the boy's father called him and said, "You have been a good boy and have earned a holiday. Take this day for your own; but remember that God gave it, and try to learn some good thing."

The boy thanked his father and kissed his mother; then he put a piece of bread in his pocket and set out to find the house with the golden windows.

It was pleasant walking. His bare feet made marks in the white dust, and, when he looked back, the footprints seemed to be following him and making company for him. His shadow, too, kept beside him and would dance or run with him as he pleased; so it was very cheerful. By-and-by he felt hungry; and he sat down by a brown brook that ran through the alder hedge by the roadside, and ate his bread and drank the clear water. Then he scattered the crumbs for the birds, as his mother had taught him to do, and went on his way.

After a long time he came to a high green hill; and when he had climbed the hill, there was the house on the top; but it seemed that the shutters were up, for he could not see the golden windows. He came up to the house; and then he could well have wept, for the windows were of clear glass, like any others, and there was no gold anywhere about them.

A woman came to the door, and looked kindly at the boy, and asked him what he wanted. "I saw your golden windows from our hilltop," he said, "and I came here to see them; but now they are only glass."

The woman shook her head and laughed. "We are poor farming people," she said, "and are not likely to have gold about our windows; but glass is better to see through."

She told the boy to sit down on the broad stone step at the door, and brought him a cup of milk and a cake, and bade him rest; then she called her daughter, a child

of his own age, and nodded kindly at the two, and went back to her work.

The little girl was barefooted like himself and wore a brown cotton gown; but her hair was golden like the windows he had seen, and her eyes were blue like the sky at noon. She led the boy about the farm and showed him her black calf with the white star on its forehead; and he told her about his own at home, which was red like a chestnut, with four white feet. Then when they had eaten an apple together, and so had become friends, the boy asked her about the golden windows. The little girl nodded and said she knew all about them, only he had mistaken the house.

"You have come quite the wrong way," she said. "Come with me, and I shall show you the house with the golden windows, and then you will see for yourself."

They went to a knoll that rose behind the farmhouse, and as they went, the little girl told him that the golden windows could be seen only at a certain hour, about sunset.

"Yes, I know that," said the boy.

When they reached the top of the knoll, the girl turned

and pointed; and there on a hill far away stood a house with windows of clear gold and diamond, just as he had seen them. And when he looked again, the boy saw that it was his own home.

Then he told the little girl that he must go. He promised to come again, but he did not tell her what he had learned; and so he went back down the hill, and the little girl stood in the sunset light and watched him.

The way home was long, and it was dark before the boy reached his father's house; but the lamplight and firelight shone through the windows, making them almost as bright as he had seen them from the hilltop. And when he opened the door, his mother came to kiss him, and his little sister ran to throw her arms about his neck, and his father looked up and smiled.

"Have you had a good day?" asked his mother.

Yes, the boy had had a very good day.

"And have you learned anything?" asked his father.

"Yes," said the boy. "I have learned that our house has windows of gold and diamond."

— Laura E. Richards.

From "The Pig Brother and Other Fables"
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SONG OF THE GOLDEN SEA

Sing, ye ripening fields of wheat,
Sing to the breezes passing by,
Sing your jubilant song and sweet,
Sing to the earth, the air, the sky!

Earth that held thee and skies that kissed
Morning and noon and night for long,
Sun and rain and dew and mist,
All that has made you glad and strong!

The harvest fields of the far, far west
Stretch out a shimmering sea of gold!
Every ripple upon its breast
Sings peace, and plenty and wealth untold!

Far as the eye can reach it goes,
Farther yet, till there seems no end,
Under a sky where blue and rose
With the gold and turquoise softly blend.

Here, where sweep the prairies lone,
Broad and beautiful in God's eyes,
Here in this young land, all our own,
The garner-house of the old world lies.

—Jean Blewett.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS

In Syracuse there was so hard a ruler that the people made a plot to drive him out of the city. The plot was discovered, and the king commanded that the leaders should be put to death. One of these, named Damon, lived at some distance from Syracuse. He asked that, before he was put to death, he might be allowed to go home to say good-bye to his family, promising that he would then come back to die at the appointed time.

The king did not believe that he would keep his word and said, "I will not let you go, unless you find some friend who will come and stay in your place. Then, if you are not back on the day set for execution, I shall put your friend to death in your stead." The king thought to himself, "Surely no one will ever take the place of a man condemned to death."

Now, Damon had a very dear friend, named Pythias, who at once came forward and offered to stay in prison, while Damon was allowed to go away. The king was very much surprised, but he had given his word; Damon was therefore permitted to leave for home, while Pythias was shut up in prison.

Many days passed, the time for the execution was close at hand, and Damon had not come back. The king, curious to see how Pythias would behave, now that death seemed so near, went to the prison.

"Your friend will never return," he said to Pythias.

"You are wrong," was the answer. "Damon will be here, if he can possibly come. But he has to travel by sea, and the winds have been blowing the wrong way for several days. However, it is much better that I should die than he. I have no wife and no children, and I love my friend so well that it would be easier to die for him than to live without him. So I am hoping and praying that he may be delayed until my head has fallen."

The king went away more puzzled than ever.

The fatal day arrived, but Damon had not come. Pythias was brought forward and led upon the scaffold. "My prayers are heard," he cried. "I shall be permitted to die for my friend. But mark my words. Damon is faithful

and true; you will yet have reason to know that he has done his utmost to be here!"

Just at this moment a man came galloping up at full speed, on a horse covered with foam! It was Damon. In an instant he was on the scaffold and had Pythias in his arms. "My beloved friend," he cried, "the gods be praised that you are safe. What agony have I suffered in the fear that my delay was putting your life in danger!"

There was no joy in the face of Pythias, for he did not care to live if his friend must die. But the king had heard all. At last he was forced to believe in the unselfish friendship of these two. His hard heart melted at the sight, and he set them both free, asking only that they would be his friends also.

— SELECTED.

HARVEST TIME

Pillowed and hushed on the silent plain,
Wrapped in her mantle of golden grain,

Wearied of pleasuring weeks away,
Summer is lying asleep to-day, —

Where winds come sweet from the wild-rose briers
And the smoke of the far-off prairie fires.

Yellow her hair as the goldenrod,
And brown her cheeks as the prairie sod;

Purple her eyes as the mists that dream
At the edge of some laggard sun-drowned stream;

But over their depths the lashes sweep,
For Summer is lying to-day asleep.

The north wind kisses her rosy mouth,
His rival frowns in the far-off south,

And comes caressing her sunburnt cheek,
And Summer awakes for one short week,

Awakes and gathers her wealth of grain,
Then sleeps and dreams for a year again.

— E. Pauline Johnson.

EDITH CAVELL

When Florence Nightingale began her great work of caring for the sick and the wounded, the art of nursing was almost unknown. The sick were too often tended by careless and ignorant persons. Florence Nightingale made nursing a labor of knowledge and of love, so that now, those who minister to the sick are women of education, skill, and devotion. During the Great War the nursing sisters proved themselves angels of mercy, worthy to rank with Florence Nightingale herself.

One of these nurses was not only an angel of mercy but a heroine as well. Edith Cavell's father was the vicar of Swardeston, a village in Norfolk, one of the counties of England. She was trained as a nurse at the London Hospital, and in the year 1900 became head of a nursing home in Brussels. Every one who knew her admired her noble character.

In August, 1914, the Germans marched into Brussels and

made themselves masters of the city. They allowed Miss Cavell to remain at the head of her hospital, and she and her assistants nursed German and Belgian wounded with equal devotion. It mattered not to her whether they were friends or foes; if they were suffering, they all had the same claim upon her tender care.

Edith Cavell

After the Battle of Mons, when the Allies were forced to retreat southward, a large number of British and French soldiers were cut off by the Germans. Many of these men were discovered and shot; others hid themselves in trenches, woods, or deserted houses. Some were sheltered by friendly farmers, who gave them civilian clothing and helped them to escape into Holland.

Many Belgian soldiers also lay in hiding, waiting for a chance to get out of the country. Some of the fugitives, hearing of Nurse Cavell, managed to communicate with her and asked her to help them to escape. This she did. She believed that she was doing only her duty to her country in coming to their assistance.

Spies informed the Germans that she was helping enemy soldiers to escape, and she was arrested and put in prison. The United States Minister in Brussels pleaded for her, but in vain. She was brought to trial on October 7th and was found guilty as a spy. The Germans kept the sentence as secret as possible. On the evening of October 11th, she was informed that she would be shot at two o'clock the next morning.

The British chaplain who visited her on the eve of her execution found her very calm and resigned. He said that she was brave and bright to the last, and that she told him she was glad to die for her country. In her last hours she wrote a noble letter of farewell to the nurses of her hospital.

When the news leaked out that Nurse Cavell had been shot, a wave of horror swept over the whole civilized world. In England Miss Cavell was mourned alike in palace and in cottage. A memorial service was held at St. Paul's, and many plans were proposed for keeping her beautiful memory green. In May, 1919, her body was carried from Belgium to Westminster Abbey, where a special service was held. It was afterwards conveyed to Norwich, where it was re-interred with honor in the precincts of the ancient cathedral.

— Adapted from "The Victory Readers."

A kindly act is a kernel sown,
That will grow to a goodly tree,
Shedding its fruit when time has flown,
Down the gulf of eternity.

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON-LOW

"And where have you been, my Mary,
And where have you been from me?" —
"I've been to the top of the Caldon-Low,
The Midsummer Night to see."

"And what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon-Low?" —
"I saw the blithe sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow."

"And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon Hill?" —
"I heard the drops of water made,
And I heard the corn-ears fill."

"Oh, tell me all, my Mary,
All, all that ever you know;
For you must have seen the fairies
Last night on the Caldon-Low."

"Then take me on your knee, mother,
And listen, mother of mine.
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine;

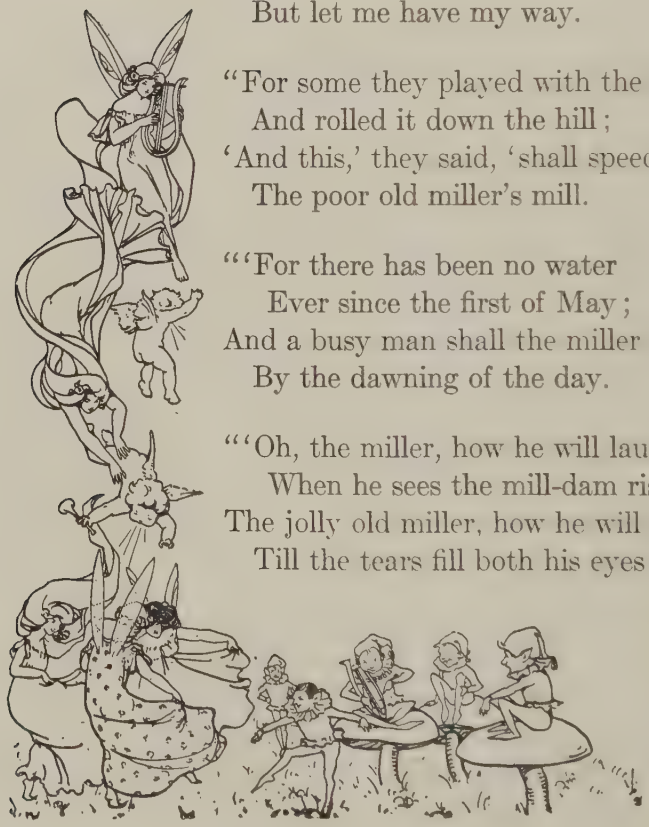
"And merry was the glee of the harp-strings,
And their dancing feet so small;
But oh, the sound of their talking
Was merrier far than all!"

"And what were the words, my Mary,
That you did hear them say?" —
"I'll tell you all, my mother;
But let me have my way.

"For some they played with the water,
And rolled it down the hill;
'And this,' they said, 'shall speedily turn
The poor old miller's mill.

"'For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May;
And a busy man shall the miller be
By the dawning of the day.

"'Oh, the miller, how he will laugh
When he sees the mill-dam rise!
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh,
Till the tears fill both his eyes!'



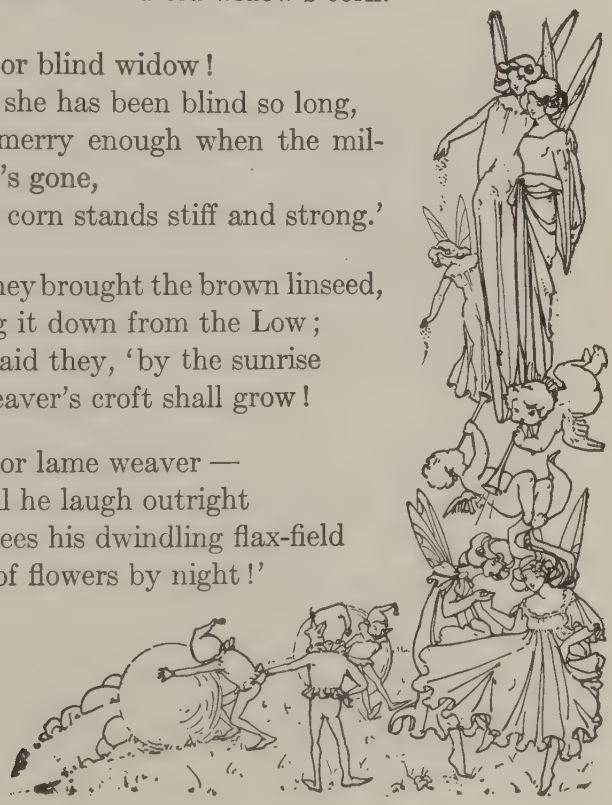
"And some they seized the little winds
That sounded over the hill;
And each put a horn into his mouth,
And blew so sharp and shrill.

"'And there,' said they, 'the merry winds go
Away from every horn;
And those shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind old widow's corn.

"'Oh, the poor blind widow!
Though she has been blind so long,
She'll be merry enough when the mildew's gone,
And the corn stands stiff and strong.'

And some they brought the brown linseed,
And flung it down from the Low;
'And this,' said they, 'by the sunrise
In the weaver's croft shall grow!

"'Oh, the poor lame weaver —
How will he laugh outright
When he sees his dwindling flax-field
All full of flowers by night!'



"And then up spoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin:
'I have spun up all the tow,' said he,
'And I want some more to spin.

"'I've spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another —
A little sheet for Mary's bed,
And an apron for her mother!'

"And with that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed so loud and free;
And then on the top of the Caldon-Low
There was no one left but me.

"And all on the top of the Caldon-Low
The mists were cold and gray,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
That round about me lay.

"But as I came down from the hilltop,
I heard, afar below,
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how merry the wheel did go.

"And I peeped into the widow's field,
And, sure enough, were seen
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn
All standing stiff and green.

The Jolly Old Miller

"And down by the weaver's croft I stole
To see if the flax were high;
But I saw the weaver at his gate,
With the good news in his eye.

"Now, this is all that I heard, mother,
And all that I did see;
So, prithee, make my bed, mother,
For I'm tired as I can be."

— Mary Howitt.

JACKANAPES

Two donkeys and the geese lived on the Green, and all other residents of any social standing lived in houses round it. The houses had no names. Everybody's address was "The Green," but the postman and the people of the place knew where each family lived.

Once a year the Goose Green became the scene of a carnival. First of all, carts and caravans were rumbling up all along, day and night. Jackanapes could hear them as he lay in bed, and could hardly sleep for thinking what booths and whirligigs he should find when he and his dog Spitfire went out after breakfast.

The gray goose always ran away at the first approach of the caravans and never came back to the Green, until nothing was left of the Fair but footmarks and oyster shells.

Grass soon grows over footprints, and the village children

took the oyster shells to trim their gardens with, but one year there lingered another relic of the Fair time in which Jackanapes was deeply interested.

"The Green" was only part of a straggling common where gypsies sometimes camped, especially after the annual Fair. And it was after the Fair that Jackanapes, out rambling by himself, was knocked over by the gypsy's son riding the gypsy's red-haired pony at breakneck pace across the Common.

Jackanapes got up and shook himself, none the worse, except for being heels over head in love with the red-haired pony. What a rate he went at! How he spurned the ground with his nimble feet! How his red coat shone in the sunshine! And what bright eyes peeped out of his dark forelock, as it was blown by the wind!

The gypsy boy had had a fright, and he was willing enough to reward Jackanapes for not having been hurt, by consenting to let him have a ride.

"Do you mean to kill the fine little gentleman, you rascal?" screamed the gypsy mother, who came up just as Jackanapes and the pony set off.

"He *would* get on," replied her son. "It'll not kill him. He'll fall on his yellow head, and it's as tough as a cocoanut." But Jackanapes did not fall. He stuck to the red-haired pony, and oh! the delight of this wild gallop with flesh and blood.

Suddenly the gypsy boy cried, "Lollo!" Round turned the pony so quickly that Jackanapes had to cling to his neck, and he did not recover himself until Lollo stopped with a jerk at the place where they had started.

"Is his name Lollo?" asked Jackanapes, his hand lingering in the wiry mane.

"Yes."

"What does Lollo mean?"

"Red."

"Is Lollo your pony?"

"No, my father's." And the gypsy boy led Lollo away.

At the first opportunity Jackanapes stole away again to the Common. This time he saw the gypsy father.

"Lollo is your pony, isn't he?" said Jackanapes.

"Yes."

"He is a very nice one."

"He's a racer."

"You don't want to sell him, do you?"

"Fifteen pounds," said the gypsy father; and Jackanapes sighed and went home again.

A few days later, Miss Jessamine spoke very seriously to Jackanapes. She was much agitated, as she told him his grandfather, the General, was coming to the Green, and that he must be on his very best behavior during the visit.

"You are a good boy, Jackanapes," said Miss Jessamine, "I can tell your grandfather that; an obedient boy, an honorable boy, and a kind-hearted boy. But you are—in short, you *are* a boy, Jackanapes, and I hope that the General knows that boys will be boys."

What mischief could be foreseen Jackanapes promised to guard against. He was to keep his clothes and his hands clean, not to put sticky things in his pockets, to keep his hair smooth, not to burst in at the parlor door, and not to talk at the top of his voice.

He must sit quiet during the Sunday sermon, be sure to say "Sir" to the General, and be careful about rubbing his shoes on the door mat.

The General arrived, and for the first day all went well, except that Jackanapes's hair was as wild as usual. He began to feel more at ease with his grandfather, and disposed to talk confidentially with him as he did with the postman.

All that the General felt it would take too long to tell, but the result was the same. He was disposed to talk confidentially with Jackanapes.

"Pretty place this," he said, looking out of the window on to the Green, where the grass was vivid with sunset, and the shadows were long and peaceful.

"You should see it in Fair week, sir," said Jackanapes, shaking his yellow hair and leaning back in the armchair in which he sat.

"A fine time that?" said the General, with a twinkle in his eye.

Jackanapes shook his hair. "I enjoyed this last one the best of all," he said, "I had so much money."

"It's not a common complaint in these bad times. How much had you?"

"I had two shillings. A new shilling Aunty gave me, and eleven pence I had saved up, and a penny from the postman, — sir," added Jackanapes, with a jerk, having forgotten it.

"And now, I suppose, you've not got a penny in your pocket?" said the General.

"Yes, I have," said Jackanapes, "two pennies. They

are saving up," and Jackanapes jingled them with his hand.

"You don't want money except at Fair time, I suppose?" said the General.

Jackanapes shook his head.

"If I could have as much as I want, I should know what to buy," said he.

"And how much do you want, if you could get it?"

"Wait a minute, sir, till I think what twopence from fifteen pounds leaves. Two from nothing you can't, but borrow twelve. Two from twelve, ten and carry one. Please remember ten, sir, when I ask you. One from nothing you can't; borrow twenty. One from twenty, nineteen, and carry one. One from fifteen, fourteen. Fourteen pounds, nineteen and — what did I tell you to remember?"

"Ten," said the General.

"Fourteen pounds, nineteen shillings, and ten pence is what I want," said Jackanapes.

"Bless my soul! what for?"

"To buy Lollo with. Lollo means red, sir. The gypsy's red-haired pony, sir. Oh, he *is* beautiful! You should see his coat in the sunshine! You should see his mane! You should see his tail! Such little feet, sir, and they go like lightning! Such a dear face, too, and eyes like a mouse. But he's a racer, and the gypsy wants fifteen pounds for him."

"If he's a racer, you couldn't ride him, could you?"

"No — o, sir, but I can stick to him. I did the other day."

"You did, did you? Well, I'm fond of riding myself, and if the pony is as good as you say, he might suit me."

"You're too tall for Lollo, I think," said Jackanapes, measuring his grandfather with his eye.

"I can double up my legs, I suppose. We'll have a look at him to-morrow."

"Don't you weigh a good deal?" asked Jackanapes.

"Chiefly waistcoats," said the General, slapping the breast of his military coat. "We'll have the little racer on the Green the first thing in the morning. Glad you mentioned it, grandson, glad you mentioned it."

The General was as good as his word. Next morning the gypsy and Lollo, Miss Jessamine, Jackanapes, and his grandfather, and his dog Spitfire, were all gathered at one end of the Green in a group. The General talked to the gypsy, and Jackanapes fondled Lollo's mane and did not know whether he should be more glad or miserable, if his grandfather bought him.

"Jackanapes!"

"Yes, sir!"

"I've bought Lollo, but I believe you were right. He hardly stands high enough for me. If you can ride him to the other end of the Green, I'll give him to you."

How Jackanapes tumbled on to Lollo's back he never knew. He had just gathered up the reins, when the gypsy father took him by the arm.

"If you want to make Lollo go fast, my little gentleman —"

"I can make him go," said Jackanapes, and, drawing

from his pocket a trumpet he had bought in the Fair, he blew a blast both loud and shrill.

Away went Lollo, and away went Jackanapes's hat. His golden hair blew out, and his cheeks shone red. Away went Spitfire, mad with the rapture of the race and the wind in his silky ears. Away went the geese, the cocks, and the hens.

The gray goose was just returning when Jackanapes and Lollo rode back, Spitfire panting behind.

"Good, my little gentleman, good!" said the gypsy. "You were born to the saddle. You've the flat thigh, the strong knee, the wiry back, and the light, caressing hand. All you want is to learn the whisper. Come here!"

"What is that fellow talking about, grandson?" asked the General.

"I can't tell you, sir. It's a secret."

They were sitting in the window again, in two armchairs, the General watching fondly every line of his grandson's face.

"You must love your Aunt very much, Jackanapes," said the General.

"I do, sir," said Jackanapes, warmly.

"And whom do you love next best to your Aunt?"

Jackanapes answered quite readily: —

"The postman."

"Why the postman?"

"He knew my father," said Jackanapes, "and he tells me about him. My father was a soldier, a brave soldier. He died at Waterloo. When I grow up, I want to be a soldier, too."

"So you shall, my boy. So you shall."

"Thank you, grandfather. Aunty doesn't want me to be a soldier, for fear of being killed."

"Bless my life! Would she want you to get into a feather bed and stay there? Why, you might be killed by a thunderbolt, if you were a butter merchant!"

"So I might. I shall tell her so. Do you think my father knew the gypsy's secret? The postman says he used to whisper to his black mare."

"Your father was taught to ride, as a child, by one of those horsemen of the East who swoop and dart and wheel about a plain like swallows in autumn. Grandson! Love me a little, too. I can tell you more about your father than the postman can."

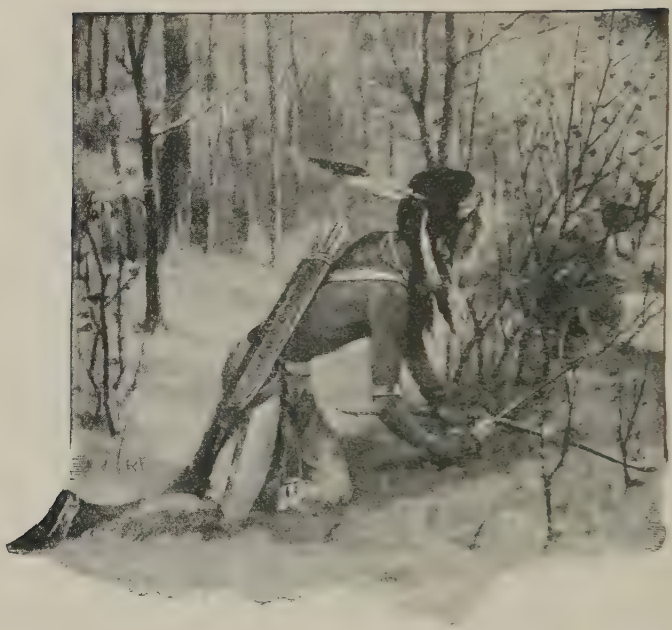
"I do love you," said Jackanapes. "Before you came I was frightened. I had no notion you were so nice."

"Love me always, boy, whatever I do or leave undone; and whatever you do or leave undone, I'll love you. There shall never be a cloud between us for a day; no, sir, not for an hour. We're imperfect enough, all of us; we needn't be bitter: and life is uncertain enough at its safest; we needn't waste its opportunities."

"I will love you very much," said Jackanapes, "and I will try to be very good. But I should like to be a soldier."

"You shall, my boy, you shall. If you live to be an honor to your country, this old heart shall grow young again with pride for you; and if you die for your country — it can but break for you." And the old man got up and strode out on the Green.

From "Jackanapes." — Juliana Horatia Ewing.



HIAWATHA'S HUNTING

Then Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvellous story-teller,
He the traveller and the talker,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Made a bow for Hiawatha;
From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak bough made the arrows,
Tipped with flint and winged with feathers,
And the cord he made of deer-skin.
Then he said to Hiawatha: —

"Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers."
Forth into the forest straightway,
All alone walked Hiawatha,
Proudly, with his bow and arrows;
And the birds sang round him, o'er him —
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa, —
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
Up the oak tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak tree,
Laughed, and said between his laughing:—
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"
And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter: —
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"
But he heeded not, nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red deer;
On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
Leading downwards to the river,
To the ford across the river,
And as one in slumber walked he.

Hidden in the alder bushes,
There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward,
And a deer came down the pathway,
Flecked with leafy light and shadow.
And his heart within him fluttered,
Trembled like the leaves above him,
Like the birch leaf palpitated,
As the deer came down the pathway.
Then upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow.
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
Scarce a leaf was moved or rustled;
But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow.
Ah! the singing, fatal arrow,
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!
Dead he lay there in the forest,
By the ford across the river;
Beat his timid heart no longer,
But the heart of Hiawatha
Throbbed and shouted and exulted,
As he bore the red deer homeward;
And Iagoo and Nokomis
Hailed his coming with applauses.
From the red deer's hide Nokomis

Made a cloak for Hiawatha,
From the red deer's flesh Nokomis
Made a banquet in his honor.
All the village came and feasted,
All the guests praised Hiawatha.

— Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE THREE MINSTRELS

Once in the olden time a king called his heralds together to hear his bidding. And all the swift runners gathered before the king, each with a trumpet in his hand. And the king sent them forth into every part of the kingdom to sound their trumpets and to call aloud, "Hear, O ye minstrels! Our gracious king bids ye come to his court and play before the queen."

The minstrels were men who went about from castle to castle and

from palace to cot, singing beautiful songs and playing on harps. Wherever they roamed, they were always sure of a welcome.

They sang of the brave deeds that the knights had done, and of wars and battles. They sang of the mighty hunters that hunted in the great forests. They sang of fairies and goblins, of giants and elves. And because there were no storybooks in those days, everybody, from little children to the king, was glad to see them come.

When the minstrels heard the king's message, they made haste to the palace; and it so happened that three of them met on the way and decided to travel together.

One of these minstrels was a young man named Harmonius; and while the others talked of the songs that they would sing, he gathered the wild flowers that grew by the roadside.

"I can sing of drums and battles," said the oldest minstrel, whose hair was white, and whose step was slow.

"I can sing of ladies and their fair faces," said the youngest minstrel. But Harmonius whispered, "Listen! listen!"

"Oh! we hear nothing but the wind in the tree tops," said the others. "We have not time to stop and listen."

Then they hurried on and left Harmonius; and he stood under the trees and listened, for he heard the wind singing of its travels through the wide world. It was telling how it raced over the blue sea, tossing the waves and rocking the white ships. It sang of the hill where the trees made harps of their branches, and of the valleys where

all the flowers danced gaily to its music. And this was the chorus of the song,

"Nobody follows me where I go,
Over the mountains or valley below;
Nobody sees where the wild winds blow, —
Only the Father in Heaven can know."

Harmonius listened until he knew the whole song. Then he ran on and soon reached his friends, who were still talking of the grand sights that they were to see.

"We shall behold the king, and we shall speak to him," said the oldest minstrel.

"And we shall see his golden crown and the queen's jewels," added the youngest.

Now their path led them through the wood, and as they talked, Harmonius said, "Hush! listen!" But the others answered, "Oh! that is only the sound of the brook, trickling over the stones. Let us make haste to the king's court."

But Harmonius stayed to hear the song that the brook was singing, of journeying through mosses and ferns and shady ways, and of tumbling over the rocks in shining waterfalls, on its way to the sea,

"Rippling and bubbling through shade and sun
On to the beautiful sea I run;
Singing forever, though none be near, —
For God in Heaven can always hear."

Thus sang the little brook. Harmonius listened until he knew every word of the song, and then he hurried on.

When he reached the others, he found them still talk-

ing of the king and the queen, so he could not tell them of the brook. As they talked, he heard something again that was wonderfully sweet, and he cried, "Listen! listen!"

"Oh! that is only a bird," the others replied. "Let us make haste to the king's court."

But Harmonius would not go, for the bird sang so joyfully that Harmonius laughed aloud when he heard the song. It was singing a song of green trees; and in every tree there was a nest, and in every nest there were eggs,

"Merrily, merrily, listen to me
Flitting and flying from tree to tree;
Nothing fear I, by land or sea, —
For God in Heaven is watching me."

"Thank you, little bird," said Harmonius; "you have taught me a song." And he made haste to join his comrades.

When they had come into the palace, they received a hearty welcome and were feasted in the great hall, before they came into the throne room. The king and queen sat on their thrones side by side. The king thought of the queen and the minstrels; but the queen thought of her old home in a far-off country, and of the butterflies she had chased when she was a little child.

One by one the minstrels played before them. The oldest minstrel sang of battles and drums, and the soldiers of the king shouted with joy. The youngest minstrel sang of ladies and their fair faces, and all the ladies of the court clapped their hands.

Then came Harmonius. And when he touched his harp

and sang, the song sounded like the wind blowing, the sea roaring, and the trees creaking. Then it grew very soft and sounded like a trickling brook, dripping on stones and running over little pebbles. And while the king and queen and all the court listened in surprise, Harmonius's song grew sweeter, sweeter, sweeter. It was as if you heard all the birds in spring. And then the song was ended.

The queen clapped her hands, and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and the king came down from his throne to ask Harmonius if he came from fairyland with such a wonderful song. But Harmonius answered,

> "Three singers sang along our way,
> And I learned the song from them to-day."

Now all the minstrels looked up in surprise when they heard these words from Harmonius; and the oldest minstrel said to the king, "Harmonius is surely mad! We met no singers on our way to-day."

But the queen said, "That is an old, old song. I heard it when I was a little child, and I can name the singers three." And so she did. Can you?

— Maude Lindsay.

From "Mother Stories"
by permission of the Milton Bradley Company.

CHILDREN OF THE EMPIRE

Children of the Empire, you are brothers all;
Children of the Empire, answer to the call;
Let your voices mingle, lift your heads and sing,
"God save dear old Britain, and God save Britain's king."

F. J. Millet

THE GLEANERS

Children of the Empire, your fathers fought and died
That you might stand, a noble band, in honor and in pride;
That you might do the thing you will, and strike with arm of might
For justice and for freedom's sake, for country, king, and right.

Children of the Empire, from little isles they came,
To spread abroad in every land the magic of their fame;
They toiled, they strove, they perished, that you and I might see
The fair, free lands of Britain arise in every sea.

Children of the Empire, clasp hands across the main,
And glory in your brotherhood again and yet again;
Uphold your noble heritage — oh, never let it fall —
And love the land that bore you, but the Empire best of all.

— Edward Shirley.

A WONDERFUL JOURNEY

One day Wesakchak decided to go on a long journey. He knew that somewhere, many miles away, there was a village where people lived, and he made up his mind to go and see them.

The birds all loved Wesakchak, so a great many of them had given him their feathers to make into a suit. When it was finished, it was very beautiful. The vest was of snow-white feathers from the pigeons' breasts; the coat, of shining blue ones, given by the bluebirds. The leggings

were made of black and brown feathers, which the blackbirds and thrushes had gladly sent to him. Around his neck and wrists he put bright yellow feathers, the gift of the canaries. In his hair he wore the eagle's feathers, for he was a great chief.

He set off early one morning, and, as he travelled on, the birds and animals whom he passed all spoke to him. By and by he met a prairie-chicken. In those days the prairie-chicken was a pale gray color.

"Good morning, brother prairie-chicken," said Wesakchak. "I have been hearing strange tales about you. The animals tell me that you are very proud of the way that you can startle them."

"But I only remain still in the grass until they come close to me and then fly up suddenly," replied the prairie-chicken. "I do not mean to frighten them, but it is great fun to see them jump."

"That may be so," said Wesakchak. "But it is not kind of you to fly up in their faces. Then I hear that you are so proud of this that you call yourself 'Kee-koo,' or the Startsome Bird."

The prairie-chicken did not reply to this, but remained still in the grass.

"Why do you not fly up in front of me?" asked Wesakchak. Still the prairie-chicken did not move or speak. Suddenly Wesakchak leaned down and gathered a handful of little stones.

"Start now," he said, as he threw them at the chicken. The small pebbles lit on its back, and it flew up suddenly. The stones rolled off, but their marks remained, and so after that the prairie-chicken was always speckled.

Wesakchak continued his journey, and late in the afternoon he came to a creek. The water of the little stream was not clean enough to wade through, for green slime floated on the top, and reeds grew in its boggy mud. It was rather too wide to jump, but Wesakchak decided to make a running jump to see if he could get across. He ran back a pace on the prairie, then forward to the bank, but the prairie-grass was so long that his feet became entangled, so he went back to start again. He did this two or three times, and at last had the grass packed down enough so that he could make a good run. Then he came forward at a great speed and made a leap. But just as he did so, the prairie-chicken flew up at his feet, and he fell face downwards in the swampy water.

Wesakchak was very vexed, and he called out to the prairie-chicken, "This is a mean trick you have played on me, and in punishment you shall not be able to fly very well after this." The prairie-chicken heard him and began to fly towards the forest, but its wings seemed shorter than they used to be, and it fluttered away amid the tall grass.

As Wesakchak waded out through the reeds, each bent before him, making a path that has remained there ever since. When he reached the shore, it took him a long time to clean his beautiful suit, and by the time he was ready to go on, it was nearly evening. He was anxious to reach the village before nightfall, so he hurried on, wishing he could find some one to take him the rest of the way, for he was feeling tired.

After a time he came in sight of a little lake, and there

saw two swans floating on the water. He called to them, but they did not seem to hear, so he jumped into the water and dove down to the bottom. Then he came up under the swans and caught each one by the legs. They flew up with him hanging to their feet.

"Take me to the village that is built on the river bank," Wesakchak said to them. They did not answer, but flew rapidly through the air.

After they had gone some miles, he noticed they were not taking the right direction. He called to them and told them to turn to the east, but they did not reply. When he saw they were not going to obey, he hung on tightly by one hand, and reaching up, he caught one swan by the neck. He tried to pull its head down, so that he could talk to it, but the harder he pulled, the firmer it held its head up, until at last its neck was turned into a curve. He then tried the other swan, but with no more success, so now both birds had their beautiful necks curved like the letter S.

When Wesakchak saw that the swans would not listen to him, and that they were taking him in the wrong direction, he let go his hold of their feet and dropped like a stone through the air. He landed on a hollow stump, and with such force that he sank deep into the soft wood. Not a sign of him could be seen; he had disappeared entirely. After some time two squaws came to get the soft, yellow wood from the stump. They use this wood to smoke their buckskins, because it gives the skin a nice color. They had brought axes with them to chop down the stump. As they began chopping, they heard a noise like groans coming from within the stump. They were very frightened and thought it was

a bear. Just as they were turning to run away, Wesakchak called to them.

"It is no bear," said the first woman. "It is the wise man, Wesakchak, who is coming to visit us."

"It is, indeed, he," said the second woman. "We must chop him out."

So they set to work with their axes, and in a little while had chopped open the stump and set him free. They were overjoyed when they saw it was really Wesakchak whom they had freed, and they took him with them to the village, where all came forth to welcome him.

— Margaret Bemister.

From "Thirty Indian Legends"
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AN INDIAN SUMMER CAROL

All day the dreamy sunshine steeps
  In gold the yellowing beeches,
In softest blue the river sleeps
  Among the island reaches.

Against the distant purple hills
  The autumn tints are showing;
With blood-red wine, the sumach fills
  Its veins—with carmine flowing.

Upon the glassy stream the boat
  Glides softly, like a vision;
And, with its shadow, seems to float
  Among the isles Elysian.

About the plumy golden-rod
The tireless bee is humming,
While crimson blossoms star the sod
And wait the rover's coming.

The birch and maple glow with dyes
Of scarlet, rose, and amber;
And like a flame from sunset skies
The tangled creepers clamber.

The oaks a royal purple wear,
Gold-crowned where sunlight presses;
The birch stands like a Dryad fair
Beneath her golden tresses.

So still the air — so like a dream —
We hear the acorn falling;
And, o'er the scarcely rippled stream,
The loon's long-quavered calling.

The robin softly, o'er the lea,
A farewell song is trilling;
The squirrel flits from tree to tree
Its winter storehouse filling.

— Agnes Maule Machar.

THE BEAVERS

There were plenty of little low houses in the pond, and in each one lived a family of beavers. It was the delight of the little beavers to explore every corner of the pond,

from the brook at the upper end to the dam at the lower end.

Very likely the little fellows believed that the dam had always been there; but, in fact, the old beavers had built it themselves. When they first came to that spot in the woods, they found only a brook flowing over a hard, gravelly bottom. They first cut down a bush and floated it along, till it stuck fast between a rock and a clump of trees. Next they cut other bushes and carried down poles and branches, till they had a tangle of brush stretching from one bank to the other. Upon this they piled sticks and stones and mud, and then more sticks and stones and mud, and then still more sticks and stones and mud.

At last the dam was so high and solid that the water could not flow through. So it spread out in a pond above the dam, till it was deep enough to trickle over the top and tinkle away in a little brook under the trees.

Tiny islands were left here and there in the pond. The old beavers built their houses on the islands or on the bank. First, each mother and father dug two tunnels from the bottom of the pond up through the earth to the floor of their house. One tunnel was to be used when going in and out during the summer; the other tunnel led to their winter pantry under the water. This pantry was to be a pile of fresh sticks cut in the woods every autumn.

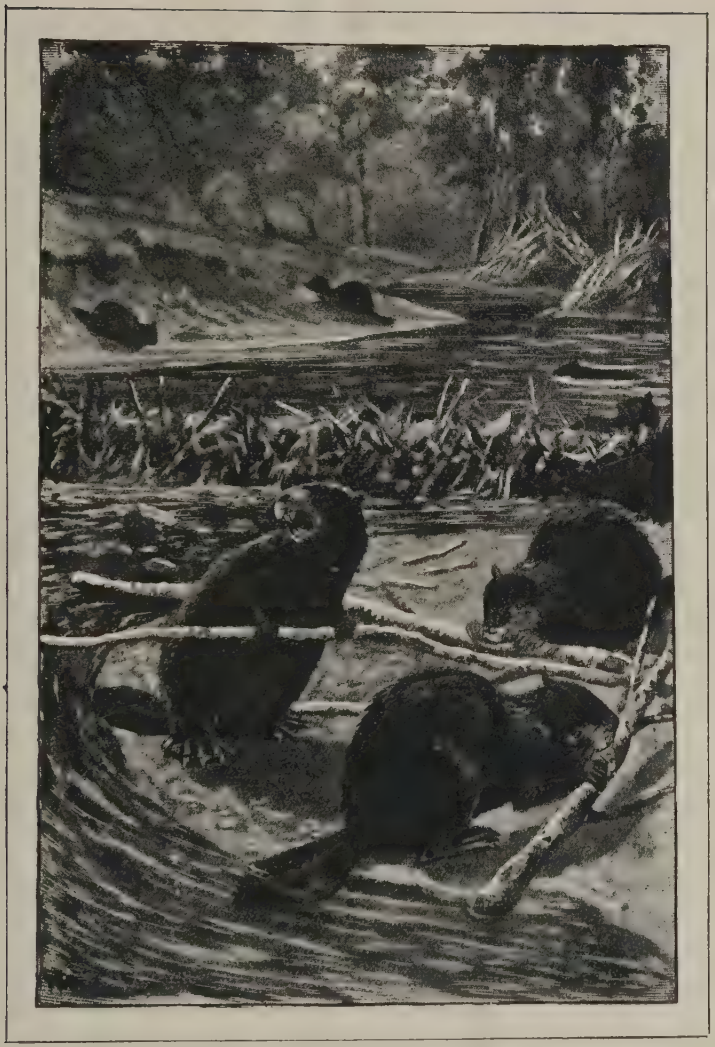
Around the two holes in the floor the beavers laid logs and stones in a circle. Upon this foundation they piled sticks and sod to form walls and a roof. Then they plastered the house all over with mud. At the top of the roof they left a small hole, covered only with a tangle of

sticks. This was for fresh air. Last of all they swam inside and made the walls even by gnawing off the sharp ends of the wood. Then the house was ready to be furnished with beds of leaves and grasses.

Perhaps during the happy summer the baby beavers believed that play was the most delightful thing in the world. But soon the father beavers came strolling back to the village to cut down trees for the winter. Then the little fellows found that work was even better fun than play.

One night the little beavers followed their parents into the woods and watched them cut down a tree. The father stood up on his hind legs, propping himself with his tail, and began to cut a notch around the trunk. The mother helped on the other side. They gnawed upwards and downwards, digging out huge chips with their chisel teeth. The circle grew deeper and deeper, till the father's head was almost hidden whenever he thrust it in to take a fresh bite. When finally the wood cracked and the tree-top began to sway, all the family scampered away to the pond. They dived for the tunnel, and hid in the house for a while. There was danger that some hungry wildcat had heard the crash of the branches and had hurried there to catch them for its supper.

As soon as it seemed safe to do so, the beavers paddled out again and trotted away to the fallen tree. The parents trimmed off the branches and cut the trunk into pieces short enough to carry. The father seized a thick pole in his teeth and swung it over his shoulders. As he dragged it towards the pond, he kept his head twisted to one side, so that the end of the pole trailed on the ground.



Beavers at Work

It happened that he reached the pond just in time to help to mend the dam with his thick pole. A pointed log had jammed a hole in the dam. The water was beginning to pour through the hole with a rush. If the pond should run dry, the doors of the tunnels would be left in plain sight. Then probably a wolf, or some other enemy, would hide there to catch the beavers on their way from the woods to their houses.

The old father pushed his pole into the water; then he jumped in, and, taking hold of it with his teeth, he swam out above the hole. When he let go, the water carried the pole squarely across the break in the dam. The other beavers cut bushes and floated them down to weave across the hole. After that they scooped up mud and stones to plaster the dam, till not a drop trickled through the mended places.

The next work to be done that autumn was to gather food for the winter. Some of the trees with the juiciest bark grew too far away to be easily dragged to the pond. All the grown-up beavers set to work to dig a canal. They dug, and scooped, and gnawed off roots, and dragged out stones, till they had made a long canal more than a foot deep. The water flowed into this from the pond. Then it was easy enough to float wood from the juicy trees down to the beaver village.

Even the babies could help in towing the wood down the canal and across the pond to the different houses. Some of the wood became so heavy with soaked-up water that it sank to the bottom beside the doors, and could be packed in a solid pile as easily as on land; most of it,

however, kept light enough to float. Instead of heaping new sticks on the top, the beavers pushed them under the top branches. Then more was pressed under that, and more under that, till the pile reached to the bottom. In the winter, of course, the top sticks could not be eaten, because they would be frozen fast in the ice.

All winter long the beavers lived quietly in their little homes under the snow. Most of the time they slept, each on his own soft bed in the dark. Whenever they were hungry, they paddled down the tunnel which led to the wood pile. Gnawing off some sticks, they swam back with the bundles under their chins. They used the middle of the room for a dining-table. There they nibbled the bark. Then they carried the peeled sticks back into the pond. They did not like to have rubbish left on the floor.

So the winter months slipped away. At last spring melted the ice on the pond. Here and there in the black water little brown heads came popping up. Up the banks scrambled the beavers—mother beavers and father beavers, big brother beavers and big sister beavers, and all the little beavers who had been babies the year before. Away roamed the fathers up the brook, to have a good time travelling all summer long. The grown-up brothers and sisters began to build dams and houses of their own, while the little fellows wandered into the woods to find their dinners of tender buds and twigs.

—Julia Augusta Schwartz.

From "Wilderness Babies"
by permission of Little, Brown, and Co.

THE SILENT SEARCHERS

When the darkness of night has fallen,
  And the birds are fast asleep,
An army of silent searchers
  From the dusky shadows creep;
And over the quiet meadows,
  Or amid the waving trees,
They wander about with their tiny lamps
  That flash in the evening breeze.

And this army of silent searchers,
  Each with his flickering light,
Wanders about till the morning
  Has driven away the night.
What treasures they may be seeking
  No man upon earth can know;
Perhaps 'tis the home of the fairies
  Who lived in the long ago.

For an ancient legend tells us
  That once, when the fairy king
Had summoned his merry minstrels
  At the royal feast to sing,
The moon, high over the tree-tops,
  With the stars, refused to shine,
And an army with tiny torches
  Was called from the oak and pine.

And when, by the imps of darkness,
  The fairies were chased away,

The army began its searching
At the close of a dreary day;
Through all the years that have followed
The seekers have searched the night,
Piercing the gloom of the hours
With the flash of the magic light.

Would you see the magical army?
Then come to the porch with me:
Yonder among the hedges,
And near to the maple tree,
Over the fields of clover,
And down in the river-damp,
The fireflies search till the morning,
Each with his flickering lamp.

— Henry Ripley Dorr.

THE BEWILDERED BLUEBIRDS

One day in early May, Ted and I made an expedition to Shattega, a still, dark, deep stream that loiters silently through the woods not far from my cabin. As we paddled along, we were on the alert for any bit of wild life of bird or beast that might turn up. There were so many abandoned woodpecker chambers in the small dead trees as we went along, that I made up my mind to secure the section of a tree containing a good one to take home and put up for the bluebirds.

"Why don't the bluebirds occupy them here?" inquired Ted.

"Oh," I replied, "bluebirds do not come so far into the woods as this. They prefer nesting places in the open, and near human habitations."

After carefully examining several of the trees, we at last saw one that seemed to be suitable. It was a small

dead tree-trunk seven or eight inches in diameter, that leaned out over the water, and from which the top had been broken. The hole, round and firm, was ten or twelve feet above us. After considerable effort I succeeded in breaking the stub off near the ground and brought it down into the boat. "Just the thing," I said. "Surely the bluebirds will prefer this to an artificial box."

But lo and behold, it already had bluebirds in it! We had not heard a sound or seen a feather till the trunk was in our hands, when, on peering into the cavity, we discovered two young bluebirds about half grown. This was a predicament, indeed!

Well, the only thing we could do was to stand the tree-trunk up again as well as we could, and as near as we could to where it had stood before. This was no easy thing. But after a time we had it fairly well replaced, one end standing in the mud of the shallow water, and the other resting against a tree. This left the hole to the nest about ten feet below and to one side of its former position.

Just then we heard the voice of one of the parent birds; and we quickly paddled to the other side of the stream, fifty feet away, to watch her proceedings, saying to each other, "Too bad! Too bad!"

The mother bird had a large beetle in her beak. She alighted upon a limb a few feet above the former site of her nest, looked down upon us, uttered a note or two, and then dropped down confidently to the point in the vacant air where the entrance to her nest had been but a few moments before.

Here she hovered on the wing a second or two, looking for something that was not there, and then returned to the perch she had just left, apparently not a little disturbed. She hammered the beetle excitedly upon the limb a few times, as if it were in some way at fault, then dropped down to try for her nest again.

Only vacant air there! She hovers and hovers, her blue wings flickering in the checkered light. Surely that precious hole *must* be there. But no, again she is baffled, and again she returns to her perch and mauls the poor beetle till it must be reduced to a pulp. Then she makes a third attempt, then a fourth, and a fifth, and a sixth, till she becomes very much excited.

"What could have happened? Am I dreaming? Has that beetle hoodooed me?" she seems to say, and in her dismay she lets the bug drop, and looks bewilderedly about her. Then she flies away through the woods, calling.

"Going for her mate," I said to Ted. "She is in deep trouble, and she wants sympathy and help."

In a few minutes we heard her mate answer, and presently the two birds came hurrying to the spot, both with loaded beaks. They perched upon the familiar limb above the site of the nest; and the mate seemed to say, "My dear, what has happened to you? I can find that nest." And he dived down and brought up in the empty air just as the mother had done. How he winnowed it with his eager wings! How he seemed to bear on that blank space!

His mate regarded him intently, confident, I think, that he would find the clew. But he did not. Baffled and excited, he returned to the perch beside her. Then she tried again, then he rushed down once more, then they both assaulted the place; but it would not give up its secret.

They talked, they encouraged each other, and they kept up the search, now one, now the other, now both together. Sometimes they dropped down to within a few feet of the entrance to the nest, and we thought they would surely find it. No, their minds and eyes were intent only upon that square foot of space where the nest had been. Soon they withdrew to a large limb many feet higher up, and seemed to say to themselves, "Well, it is not there; but it must be here somewhere. Let us look about."

A few minutes passed, when we saw the mother bird spring from her perch and go straight as an arrow to the nest.

Her maternal eye had proved the quicker. She had found her young. Something like reason and common sense had come to her rescue; she had taken time to look about, and behold! there was that precious doorway.

She thrust her head into it, then sent back a call to her mate, then went farther in, then withdrew. "Yes, it is true; they are here, they are here!" Then she went in again, gave them the food in her beak, and then gave place to her mate, who, after similar demonstrations of joy, also gave them his morsel.

Ted and I breathed freer. A burden had been taken from our minds and hearts, and we went cheerfully on our way. We had learned something, too; we had learned that when in the deep woods you think of bluebirds, bluebirds may be nearer you than you think.

— John Burroughs.

THE NUT-CRACKERS AND THE SUGAR-TONGS

The Nut-crackers sat by a plate on the table;
The Sugar-tongs sat by a plate at his side;
And the Nut-crackers said, "Don't you wish we were able
Along the blue hills and green meadows to ride?

"Must we drag on this stupid existence forever,
So idle and weary, so full of remorse,
While everyone else takes his pleasure, and never
Seems happy unless he is riding a horse?

"Don't you think we could ride without being instructed,
Without any saddle or bridle or spur?

Our legs are so long, and so aptly constructed,
I'm sure that an accident could not occur!

"Let us all of a sudden hop down from the table,
And hustle down-stairs and each jump on a horse!
Shall we try? Shall we go? Do you think we are able?"
The Sugar-tongs answered distinctly, "Of course!"

So down the long staircase they hopped in a minute;
The Sugar-tongs snapped and the Crackers said, "Crack!"
The stable was open; the horses were in it;
Each took out a pony and jumped on his back.

The Cat in a fright scrambled out of the doorway;
The Mice tumbled out of a bundle of hay;
The brown and white Rats, and the black ones from Norway,
Screamed out, "They are taking the horses away!"

The whole of the household was filled with amazement;
The Cups and the Saucers danced madly about;
The Plates and the Dishes looked out of the casement;
The Salt-cellar stood on his head with a shout!

The Spoons with a clatter looked out of the lattice;
The Mustard-pot climbed up the gooseberry-pies;
The Soup-ladle peeped through a heap of veal patties,
And squeaked with a ladle-like scream of surprise;

The Frying-pan said, "It's an awful delusion!"
The Tea-kettle hissed and grew black in the face!
And they all rushed down-stairs in the wildest confusion
To see the great Nut-cracker–Sugar-tongs race.

And out of the stable, with screamings and laughter,
(Their ponies were cream-colored speckled with brown)
The Nut-crackers first and the Sugar-tongs after
Rode all round the yard and then all round the town.

They rode through the street, and they rode by the station;
They galloped away to the beautiful shore;
In silence they rode and "made no observation"
Save this, "We will never go back any more!"

And still you might hear, till they rode out of hearing,
The Sugar-tongs snap and the Crackers say, "Crack!"
Till, far in the distance, their forms disappearing,
They faded away; and they never came back.

— Edward Lear.

KING ARTHUR'S SWORD

Soon after Arthur had been crowned king of Britain, he was journeying through the land with Merlin, the wise old magician, when they met a knight who challenged the king to a combat. The two fought, and the knight wounded Arthur severely. In the end, however, the king was victorious, but he had lost so much blood that he could go no farther. Merlin took him to a good hermit, who healed his wound in three days. Then the king departed with Merlin, and, as they were slowly riding along, he said, "I am still weak from the blood I have lost, and my sword is broken."

"Do not fear," said Merlin. "You shall lose no more

blood, and you shall have a good sword. Ride on trustfully with me."

They rode in silence until they came to a lake, large and quiet, and as beautiful in color as a pearl. While Arthur was looking at its beauty, he became suddenly aware of three tall women, with fair, sweet faces, standing on the bank.

"Who are they?" the king asked.

"Three queens who shall help you at your worst need," answered Merlin. "Now look out upon the lake again."

Arthur turned his eyes upon the lake and saw that in the distance a slight mist had arisen. Through it the figure of a lady glided over the surface of the water. Her robe appeared to be made of waves which streamed away in flowing curves from her body. Her head and shoulders seemed wrapped in foam tinted with the colors of the rainbow, and her arms glittered with sparkles which came from bubbles of water. She was so wonderful that Arthur looked at her for some time before he asked softly, "Who is she?"

"She is the Lady of the Lake," said Merlin. "She lives in a rock in the middle of the lake. See, she is coming towards us. Look at what is beyond her in the water."

Arthur looked and saw rising above the surface of the water an arm clothed in pure white. This arm held a huge cross-hilted sword, so brilliant that Arthur's eyes were dazzled.

When the Lady of the Lake approached nearer, he said, "Damsel, what sword is that? I wish it were mine, for I have none."

The lady smiled, saying, "Step into yonder boat, row to the sword, and take it, together with the scabbard."

So Arthur entered a little boat that was tied to the shore, and rowed out to the sword. As he took it and the scabbard, all gleaming with jewels, the hand and arm vanished into the water. And when Arthur looked about, the three queens and the Lady of the Lake were also gone.

Merlin

As Arthur, still gazing at the sword, rowed to shore, Merlin said to him, "My lord Arthur, which pleases you more — sword or scabbard?"

"In truth, the sword," replied the king.

"Let me assure you," said Merlin, smiling gravely, "that the scabbard is worth ten of the sword. While you have it with you you shall never lose blood — no, no matter how sorely you are wounded. See that you guard it well."

The king, who was looking at the sword, sighed. "There is writing on the sword," he said.

"True, my lord; written in the oldest tongue in the world."

"'*Take me*' on one side," said Arthur, "and '*Cast me away*' on the other. I am glad to take the sword, but it saddens me to think of casting it away."

Merlin's face grew sad too. He was so wise that he knew

what was going to happen in the future, and he was well aware that when the time came to cast the sword away, much evil would have befallen the good King Arthur. But he knew that the time was yet very far off, so he said, "You have taken the sword. Now use it to make justice and right prevail in all the land. Do not think of casting it away until you must."

Arthur grew joyful again as he felt the strength of the good sword in his hand, and the two rode cheerfully forward through the country.

—Maude Radford Warren.

From "King Arthur and His Knights"
by permission of Rand, McNally, and Co.

THE CLOUDS

The dew is gleaming in the grass,
  The morning hours are seven,
And I am fain to watch you pass,
  Ye soft white clouds of heaven.

Ye stray and gather, part and fold;
  The wind alone can tame you;
I think of what in time of old
  The poets loved to name you.

They called you sheep, the sky your sward,
  A field without a reaper;
They called the shining sun your lord,
  The shepherd wind your keeper.

Your sweetest poets I will deem
  The men of old for moulding
In simple beauty such a dream,
  And I could lie beholding.

Where daisies in the meadow toss,
  The wind from morn till even,
Forever shepherds you across
  The shining field of heaven.

— Archibald Lampman.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE SILVER SHIELD

There was once a splendid castle in a forest, with great stone walls and a high gateway, and turrets that rose away above the tallest trees. The forest was dark and dangerous, and many cruel giants lived in it; but in the castle was a company of knights, who were kept there by the King of the country, to help travellers who might be in the forest, and to fight with the giants whenever they could.

Each of these knights wore a beautiful suit of armor and carried a long spear, while over his helmet there floated a great red plume that could be seen a long way off by any one in distress. But the most wonderful things about the knights' armor were their shields. They were not like those of other knights, but had been made by a great magician who had lived in the castle many years before. They were made of silver, and sometimes shone in the sunlight with dazzling brightness; but at other times the surface of the shields would be clouded as though by a mist, and one could not see his face reflected there as he could when they shone brightly.

Now, when each knight received his spurs and his armor, a new shield was also given him from among those that the magician had made; and when the shield was new its surface was always cloudy and dull. But as the knight began to do service against the giants, or went on expeditions to help poor travellers in the forest, his shield grew brighter and brighter, so that he could see his face clearly reflected in it. But if he proved to be a lazy or cowardly knight, and let the giants get the better of him, or did not care what be-

came of the travellers, then the shield grew more and more cloudy, until the knight became ashamed to carry it.

But this was not all. When any one of the knights fought a particularly hard battle and won the victory, or when he went on some hard errand for the lord of the castle and was successful, not only did his silver shield grow brighter, but when one looked into the centre of it he could see something like a golden star shining in its very heart. This was the greatest honor that a knight could achieve, and the other knights always spoke of such a one as having "won his star." It was usually not till he was pretty old and tried as a soldier that he could win it. At the time when this story begins, the lord of the castle himself was the only one of the knights whose shield bore the golden star.

There came a time when the worst of the giants in the forest gathered themselves together to have a battle against the knights. They made a camp in a dark hollow not far from the castle, and gathered all their best warriors together, and all the knights made ready to fight them. The windows of the castle were closed and barred; the air was full of the noise of armor being made ready for use; and the knights were so excited that they could scarcely rest or eat.

Now there was a young knight in the castle, named Sir Roland, who was among those most eager for the battle. He was a splendid warrior, with eyes that shone like stars whenever there was anything to do in the way of knightly deeds. And though he was still quite young, his shield had begun to shine enough to show plainly that he had done bravely in some of his errands through the forest.

This battle, he thought, would be the great opportunity of his life. And on the morning of the day when they were to go forth to it, and all the knights assembled in the great hall of the castle to receive the commands of their leaders, Sir Roland hoped that he would be put in the most dangerous place of all, so that he could show what knightly stuff he was made of.

But when the lord of the castle came to him, as he went about in full armor giving his commands, he said: "One brave knight must stay behind and guard the gateway of the castle, and it is you, Sir Roland, being one of the youngest, whom I have chosen for this."

At these words Sir Roland was so disappointed that he bit his lip, and closed his helmet over his face, so that the other knights might not see it. For a moment he felt as if he must reply angrily to the commander and tell him that it was not right to leave so sturdy a knight behind, when he was eager to fight. But he struggled against this feeling and went quietly to look after his duties at the gate. The gateway was high and narrow, and was reached from outside by a high, narrow bridge that crossed the moat, which surrounded the castle on every side. When an enemy approached, the knight on guard rang a great bell just inside the gate, and the bridge was drawn up against the castle wall, so that no one could come across the moat. So the giants had long ago given up attempting to attack the castle itself.

To-day the battle was to be in the dark hollow in the forest, and it was not likely that there would be anything to do at the castle gate, except to watch it like a common

doorkeeper. It was not strange that Sir Roland thought some one else might have done this.

Presently all the other knights marched out in their flashing armor, their red plumes waving over their heads, and their spears in their hands. The lord of the castle stopped only to tell Sir Roland to keep guard over the gate until they all returned, and to let no one enter. Then they went into the shadows of the forest and were soon lost to sight.

Sir Roland stood looking after them long after they had gone, thinking how happy he would be if he were on the way to battle like them. But after a little he put this out of his mind and tried to think of pleasanter things. It was a long time before anything happened, or any word came from the battle.

At last Sir Roland saw one of the knights come limping down the path to the castle, and he went out on the bridge to meet him. Now this knight was not a brave one, and he had been frightened away as soon as he was wounded.

"I have been hurt," he said, "so that I cannot fight any more. But I could watch the gate for you, if you would like to go back in my place."

At first Sir Roland's heart leaped with joy at this, but then he remembered what the commander had told him on going away, and he said: he.

"I should like to go, but a knight belongs where his commander has put him. My place is here at the gate, and I cannot open it even for you. Your place is at the battle."

The knight was ashamed when he heard this, and he presently turned about and went into the forest again.

So Sir Roland kept guard silently for another hour. Then

there came an old beggar-woman down the path to the castle, and asked Sir Roland if she might come in and have some food. He told her that no one could enter the castle that day, but that he would send a servant out to her with food, and that she might sit and rest as long as she would.

"I have been past the hollow in the forest where the battle is going on," said the old woman, while she was waiting for her food.

"And how do you think it is going?" asked Sir Roland.

"Badly for the knights, I am afraid," said the old woman. "The giants are fighting as they have never fought before. I should think you had better go and help your friends."

"I should like to, indeed," said Sir Roland. "But I am set to guard the gateway of the castle and cannot leave."

"One fresh knight would make a great difference when they are all weary with fighting," said the old woman. "I should think that, while there are no enemies about, you would be much more useful there."

"You may well think so," said Sir Roland, "and so may I; but it is neither you nor I that is commander here."

"I suppose," said the old woman then, "that you are one of the kind of knights who like to keep out of fighting. You are lucky to have so good an excuse for staying at home." And she laughed a thin and taunting laugh.

Then Sir Roland was very angry and thought that if it were only a man instead of a woman, he would show whether he liked fighting or no. But as it was a woman, he shut his lips and set his teeth hard together, and as the servant came just then with the food he had sent for, he gave

The Golden Star of Knighthood

it to the old woman quickly and shut the gate that she might not talk to him any more.

It was not very long before he heard some one calling outside. Sir Roland opened the gate, and saw standing at the end of the drawbridge a little old man in a long black cloak.

"Why are you knocking here?" he said. "The castle is closed to-day."

"Are you Sir Roland?" said the little old man.

"Yes," said Sir Roland.

"Then you ought not to be staying here when your commander and his knights are having so hard a struggle with the giants, and when you have the chance to make of yourself the greatest knight in this kingdom. Listen to me! I have brought you a magic sword."

As he said this, the old man drew from under his coat a wonderful sword that flashed in the sunlight as if it were covered with diamonds. "This is the sword of all swords," he said, "and it is for you, if you will leave your idling here by the castle gate, and carry it to the battle. Nothing can stand before it. When you lift it, the giants will fall back, your master will be saved, and you will be crowned the victorious knight — the one who will soon take his commander's place as lord of the castle."

Now Sir Roland believed that it was a magician who was speaking to him, for it certainly appeared to be a magic sword. It seemed so wonderful that the sword should be brought to him that he reached out his hand as though he would take it, and the little old man came forward as though he would cross the drawbridge into the castle. But as he

did so, it came to Sir Roland's mind again that that bridge and the gateway had been entrusted to him, and he called out "No!" to the old man, so that he stopped where he was standing. But he waved the shining sword in the air again and said: "It is for you! Take it, and win the victory!"

Sir Roland was really afraid that if he looked any longer at the sword, or listened to any more words of the old man, he would not be able to hold himself within the castle. For this reason he struck the great bell at the gateway, which was the signal for the servants inside to pull in the chains of the drawbridge, and instantly they began to pull, and the drawbridge came up, so that the old man could not cross it to enter the castle, nor Sir Roland to go out.

Then, as he looked across the moat, Sir Roland saw a wonderful thing. The little old man threw off his black cloak, and, as he did so, he began to grow bigger and bigger, until in a minute more he was a giant as tall as any in the forest. At first Sir Roland could scarcely believe his eyes. Then he realized that this must be one of their giant enemies, who had changed himself to a little old man through some magic power, that he might make his way into the castle while all the knights were away. Sir Roland shuddered to think what might have happened, if he had taken the sword and left the gate unguarded. The giant shook his fist across the moat that lay between them, and then, knowing that he could do nothing more, he went angrily back into the forest.

Sir Roland now resolved not to open the gate again and to pay no attention to any other visitor. But it was not

long before he heard a sound that made him spring forward in joy. It was the bugle of the lord of the castle, and there came sounding after it the bugles of many of the knights that were with him, pealing so joyfully that Sir Roland was sure they were safe and happy. As they came nearer, he could hear their shouts of victory. So he gave the signal to let down the drawbridge again and went out to meet them. They were dusty and blood-stained and weary, but they had won the battle with the giants; and it had been such a great victory that there had never been a happier home-coming.

Sir Roland greeted them all as they passed in over the bridge, and then, when he had closed the gate and fastened it, he followed them into the great hall of the castle. The lord of the castle took his place on the highest seat, with the other knights about him, and Sir Roland came forward with the key of the gate, to give his account of what he had done in the place to which the commander had appointed him. The lord of the castle bowed to him as a sign for him to begin, but, just as he opened his mouth to speak, one of the knights cried out: —

"The shield! The shield! Sir Roland's shield!"

Every one turned and looked at the shield which Sir Roland carried on his left arm. He himself could see only the top of it and did not know what they could mean. But what they saw was the golden star of knighthood shining brightly from the centre of Sir Roland's shield. There had never been such amazement in the castle before.

Sir Roland knelt before the lord of the castle to receive his commands. He still did not know why every one was

looking at him so excitedly and wondered if he had in some way done wrong.

"Speak, Sir Knight," said the commander, as soon as he could find his voice after his surprise, "and tell us all that has happened to-day at the castle. Have you been attacked? Have any giants come hither? Did you fight them alone?"

"No, my lord," said Sir Roland. "Only one giant has been here, and he went away silently when he found he could not enter."

Then he told all that had happened through the day.

When he had finished, the knights all looked at one another, but no one spoke a word. Then they looked again at Sir Roland's shield, to make sure that their eyes had not deceived them, and there the golden star was still shining.

After a little silence the lord of the castle spoke.

"Men make mistakes," he said, "but our silver shields are never mistaken. Sir Roland has fought and won the hardest battle of all to-day."

Then the others all rose and saluted Sir Roland, who was the youngest knight that ever carried the golden star.

— Raymond Macdonald Alden.

From "Why the Chimes Rang," Copyright, 1908, by special permission of the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

But truth shall conquer at the last,
For round and round we run,
And ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.

THE MILLER OF THE DEE

There dwelt a miller, hale and bold,
  Beside the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till night —
  No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
  Forever used to be:
"I envy nobody — no, not I —
  And nobody envies me!"

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend," said good King Hal,
  "As wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
  I'd gladly change with thee.
And tell me now, what makes thee sing,
  With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm a king,
  Beside the river Dee?"

The miller smiled and doffed his cap;
  "I earn my bread," quoth he;
"I love my wife, I love my friend,
  I love my children three;
I owe no penny I cannot pay;
  I thank the river Dee
That turns the mill that grinds the corn
  That feeds my babes and me."

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while,
  "Farewell, and happy be;

But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee;
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,
Thy mill my kingdom's fee;
Such men as thou are England's boast,
O miller of the Dee!"

— Charles Mackay.

MICHAEL, THE UPRIGHT

More than two hundred years ago there lived in Holland a little boy named Michael. His parents wished to bring him up to some trade; but Michael's heart was set upon being a sailor, and nothing else would please him. So he was allowed to have his way, and his father got a berth for him in a vessel about to sail for Morocco, on the north coast of Africa.

The ship belonged to a merchant, who was in the habit of taking out bales of cloth to sell to the natives of that place. As he went himself in the ship, he was able to see what kind of boy Michael was. Not only was Michael quick at learning his duties, but he was a boy to be trusted. Whatever he had to do he did as well as he could, whether any one was looking at him or not. "This is just the boy I want," thought the merchant, and Michael was soon raised to a higher place.

One day the merchant fell sick, and he could not go with his vessel, which was laden ready to sail for Morocco. What could he do? He knew of only one person to whom

he could trust his cargo, and that was Michael. So he sent for him and told him that he must take charge of it. Michael was young, and it was a difficult task he had to face; but it was his duty, and he did not flinch from it.

The ship sailed with Michael in charge, and in due time he was arranging his cloth in the market-place at Morocco.

Now the city was ruled by a cruel tyrant called the bey, who could do what he liked without anybody daring to find fault with him. On this very morning he came into the market, and, after seeing the various pieces of cloth which Michael had for sale, he fixed on one and asked the price. Michael told him. The bey offered half the sum he named.

"Nay," said Michael; "I ask no more than it is worth. My master expects that price, and I am only his servant. I have no power to take less." The bey's face grew dark with anger; and the bystanders trembled, for they knew that if the lad opposed the wishes of the cruel governor he would be put to death. "I will give you till to-morrow to think about it," cried the bey, and he rode away.

Michael put back the cloth and began calmly to wait on his other customers. Those around him begged him to give in to the bey and save his life. But Michael replied, "My life is in God's hands. If my master loses one penny through me, I am not a faithful servant."

The morrow came. The bey appeared as before; but besides his other servants, the public executioner followed behind him. He again asked Michael the price of the cloth, and he got the same answer. "Take my life if you will," added the brave Michael, "but I shall die as an honest man and a true servant of my master."

Everybody expected to hear the order, "Strike off his head." But the order was not given. The face of the bey suddenly changed. "Thou art a noble fellow!" he cried. "Would that I had such a servant as thou art! Give me thy hand; thou shalt be my friend. I will make of the cloth a robe of honor in memory of thy faithfulness."

The upright young man rose step by step till he became an admiral, and he fought the battles of his country as nobly as he sold his master's cloth. The name of Michael Ruyter is still honored in his native land.

— Selected.

THREE TREES

The pine tree grew in the wood,
  Tapering, straight, and high;
Stately and proud it stood,
  Black-green against the sky.
Crowded so close, it sought the blue,
And ever upward it reached and grew.

The oak tree stood in the field,
  Beneath it dozed the herds;
It gave to the mower a shield,
  It gave a home to the birds.
Sturdy and broad it guarded the farms
With its brawny trunk and knotted arms.

The apple tree grew by the wall,
  Ugly and crooked and black;
But it knew the gardener's call,
  And the children rode on its back.
It scattered its blossoms upon the air,
It covered the ground with fruitage fair.

"Now, hey," said the pine, "for the wood!
  Come live with the forest band.
Our comrades will do you good,
  And tall and straight you will stand."
And he swung his boughs to a witching sound.
And flung his cones like coins around.

"O-ho!" laughed the sturdy oak;
"The life of the field for me.
I weather the lightning-stroke;
My branches are broad and free.
Grow straight and slim in the wood if you will,
Give me the sun and the wind-swept hill."

And the apple tree murmured low,
"I am neither straight nor strong;
Crooked my back doth grow
With bearing my burdens long."
And it dropped its fruit as it dropped a tear,
And reddened the ground with fragrant cheer.

And the Lord of the harvest heard,
And he said: "I have use for all;
For the bough that shelters a bird,
For the beam that pillars a hall;
And grow they tall, or grow they ill,
They grow but to wait their Master's will."

So a ship of the oak was sent
Far over the ocean blue,
And the pine was the mast that bent
As over the waves it flew,
And the ruddy fruit of the apple tree
Was borne to a starving isle of the sea.

— C. H. Crandall.

TOM, THE WATER-BABY

One day Tom had a new adventure. He was sitting on a water-lily leaf, he and his friend the dragon-fly, watching the gnats dance. The dragon-fly had eaten as many as he wanted and was sitting quite still and sleepy, for it was very hot and bright.

The gnats danced a foot over his head quite happily, and a large black fly settled within an inch of his nose and

began washing his own face and combing his hair with his paws. But the dragon-fly never stirred, and kept on chatting to Tom about the times when he lived under the water.

Suddenly Tom heard the strangest noise up the stream. He looked up the water, and there he saw a sight as strange as the noise; a great ball rolling over and over down the stream, seeming one moment of soft brown fur, and the next of shining glass. Yet it was not a ball; for sometimes it broke up and streamed away into pieces, and then it joined

again; and all the while the noise came out of it louder and louder.

Tom asked the dragon-fly what it could be; but of course, with his short sight, he could not even see it, though it was not ten yards away. So Tom set off to see for himself; and when he came near, the ball turned out to be four or five beautiful otters, many times larger than Tom, who were swimming about, and rolling and diving, and twisting and scratching in the most charming fashion that ever was seen.

But when the biggest of them saw Tom, she darted out from the rest, and cried in the water-language sharply enough, "Quick, children, here is something to eat, indeed!" and came at poor Tom, showing such a wicked pair of eyes and such a set of sharp teeth in a grinning mouth, that Tom, who had thought her very handsome, said to himself, "Handsome is that handsome does," and slipped in between the water-lily roots as fast as he could, and then turned around and laughed at her.

"Come out," said the wicked old otter, "or it will be the worse for you."

But Tom looked at her from between two thick roots and shook them with all his might.

"Come away, children," said the otter. "It is not worth eating, after all. It is only an eft, which nothing eats."

"I am not an eft!" said Tom. "Efts have tails."

"You are an eft," said the otter. "I see your two hands quite plainly, and I know that you have a tail."

("I tell you I have not,") said Tom. "Look here!" and he turned his pretty little self quite round; and sure enough, he had no more tail than you have.

The otter might have got out of it by saying that Tom was a frog; but, like a great many other people, when she had once said a thing she stood to it, right or wrong.

"I say you are an eft," said the otter, "and therefore you are, and not fit food for gentlefolk like me and my children; you may stay there till the salmon eat you." She knew the salmon would not, but she wished to frighten poor Tom.

"What are salmon?" asked Tom.

"Fish, you eft; great fish, nice to eat. They are the lords of the fish, and we are lords of the salmon"; and she laughed again. "They are coming soon, children, coming soon; I can smell the rain coming up off the sea. Then hurrah for fresh salmon and plenty of eating all day long."

The otter grew so proud that she turned head over heels twice, and then stood upright half out of the water, grinning like a Cheshire cat.

"And where do they come from?" asked Tom.

"Out of the sea, eft, — the great wide sea, where they might stay and be safe if they liked."

Then the otter sailed away down the brook, and Tom saw her no more for that time. And lucky it was for her that she did so; for no sooner was she gone than down the bank came seven little rough terrier dogs, snuffing

and yapping, grubbing and splashing, in full cry after the otter.

Tom hid among the water-lilies till they were gone; for he could not guess that they were the water-fairies come to help him. But he could not help thinking of what the otter had said about the great river and the broad sea. As he thought, he longed to go and see them. He could not tell why; but the more he thought, the more he grew discontented with the narrow little stream in which he lived, and with all his companions. He wished to get out into the wide, wide world, and enjoy all the wonderful sights of which he was sure it was full.

Once he set off to go down the stream, but the stream was very low, and when he came to the shallows he could not keep under water, for there was no water left to keep under. So the sun burned his back and made him sick; and he went back again and lay quiet in the pool for a whole week more.

Then on the evening of a very hot day he saw a wonderful sight. He had been very stupid all day, and so had the trout; for they would not move an inch to take a fly, though there were thousands on the water; but lay dozing on the bottom under the shade of the stones. Tom lay dozing too, and was glad to cuddle their smooth, cool sides, for the water was warm and unpleasant.

Towards evening it grew suddenly dark, and Tom looked up and saw a blanket of black clouds lying across the valley above his head. He felt not quite frightened, but sat very still; for everything was still. There was not a whisper of wind nor a chirp of a bird to be heard. Next a few drops

of rain fell into the water. One hit Tom on the nose, and made him pop his head down quickly enough. Then the thunder roared, and the lightning flashed from cloud to cloud and cliff to cliff, till the rocks in the stream seemed to shake.

Tom looked up at it through the water, and thought it the finest thing he ever saw in his life. Out of the water he dare not put his head; for the rain came down by bucketsful, and the hail fell like shot on the stream, and churned it into foam. Soon the stream rose and rushed down, higher and higher, full of beetles and sticks and straws. Tom could hardly stand against the stream and hid behind a rock. But the trout did not hide; for out they rushed from among the stones, and began gobbling the beetles and leeches in the most greedy and quarrelsome way; swimming about with great worms in their mouths, tugging and kicking to get them away from each other.

By the flashes of lightning Tom saw a new sight — all the bottom of the stream alive with great eels, turning and twisting along, all down stream and away. They had been hiding for weeks past in the cracks of the rocks and in burrows in the mud. Tom had hardly ever seen them except now and then at night; but now they were all out, and went hurrying past him so fiercely and wildly that he was quite frightened.

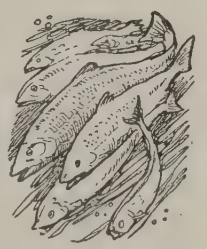
As they hurried past he could hear them say to each other, "We must hurry: We must hurry! What a jolly thunder-storm! Down to the sea! Down to the sea!"

Then the otter came by with all her brood, twining and sweeping along as fast as the eels themselves.

She spied Tom as she came by and said, "Now is your time, eft, if you wish to see the world. Come along, children, never mind those eels; we shall breakfast on salmon to-morrow. Down to the sea! Down to the sea!"

Then came a flash brighter than all the rest, and by the light of it — in the thousandth part of a second they were gone again — but he had seen them, he was certain of it — three beautiful little white girls, with their arms twined round each other's necks, floating down the torrent, as they sang, "Down to the sea! Down to the sea!"

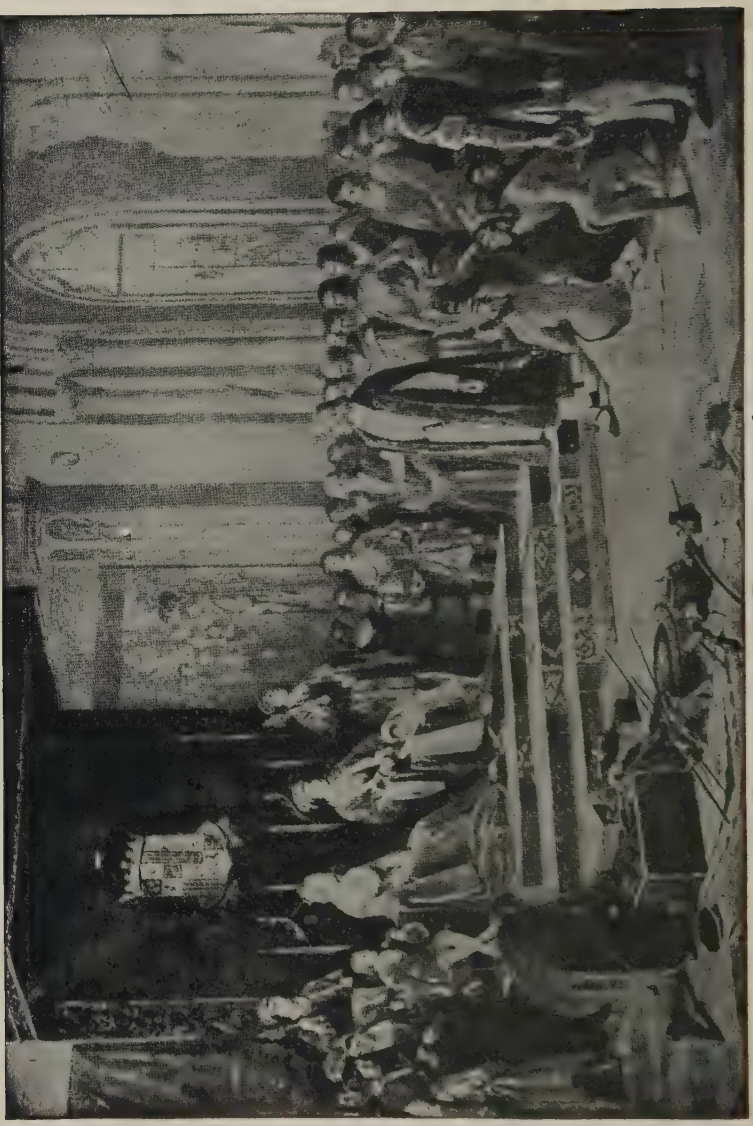
"Oh, stay! Wait for me!" cried Tom; but they were gone. Yet he could hear their voices clear and sweet through the roar of thunder and water and wind, singing as they died away, "Down to the sea!"



"Down to the sea?" said Tom. "Everything is going to the sea, and I shall go, too. Good-by, trout."

Now down the rushing stream he went, guided by the bright flashes of the storm; past tall birch-fringed rocks, which shone out one moment as clear as day, and the next were dark as night.

Past dark coves under the banks, from which great trout rushed out on Tom, thinking him to be good to eat, but turned back quickly, for the fairies sent them home again with a scolding for daring to meddle with a water-baby. Along deep reaches, where the white water-lilies tossed and flapped beneath the wind and hail; past sleeping



COLUMBUS BEFORE FERDINAND AND ISABELLA

villages; under dark bridges, and away and away to the sea. Tom could not stop and did not care to stop; he would see the great world below, and the salmon, and the breakers, and the wide, wide sea.

— Charles Kingsley.

From "The Water Babies."

COLUMBUS AND THE EGG

It was the middle of April, 1493. The streets of Barcelona were thronged with people, who were watching a strange and interesting procession.

At the head of the procession there marched a group of people, the like of whom had never before been seen in Europe. They were tall and erect. Their heads were covered with straight black hair and headdresses adorned with bright feathers; and their bodies, which were but scantily clad, were copper-colored. Files of Spanish sailors marched behind, carrying strange animals and birds and barbaric ornaments of gold. After them on a splendid horse there rode in modest dignity the great discoverer, — Christopher Columbus.

Nearly a year before, he had sailed away westward into the unknown "sea of darkness" on the most wonderful voyage the world has ever seen. Few then expected to see him or his ships again. But at last he had returned, bringing the wonderful news that there were no monsters, no marshes, no sea of darkness to bar the westward route to India.

And now, by the invitation of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, Columbus was riding to the palace, where a throne of state had been set up beneath a canopy of rich brocade. There the procession halted; Columbus knelt before the throne, but was quickly bidden to rise and begin the story of his adventures. When he had finished, the king and queen were moved to tears, and kneeling down gave thanks to God, while the choir in the chapel near by chanted a *Te Deum*. Columbus was made a Spanish noble, admiral of the western ocean, and governor of all the lands which he had discovered.

All this greatly displeased the haughty Spanish nobles. "Why," said they, "should this Columbus be made an admiral, a governor, and a Don? He is not even Spanish, but only a poor Italian sailor. What he did is not so wonderful. Any sailor might have done the same."

At a dinner in the house of a wealthy noble, one of the guests said as much to the admiral himself: "I do not see, Don Columbus, anything very wonderful about your discovery. It was very simple. There are plenty of Spaniards who could have done the same."

Columbus made no reply, but, taking an egg in his hand, asked which of the company could make it stand on end. Each tried in turn, but in vain, and all declared that it was impossible. Then Columbus tapped the egg lightly on the table, thus breaking the shell and making it stand upright.

The company remained silent.

"You see," said Columbus quietly, "there is nothing very wonderful about it. It is very simple. Any one can do it — *after he has been shown how.*" — SELECTED.

THE FROST

The Frost looked forth one still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the height
In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain.
But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he flew to the mountain and powdered its crest,
He lit on the trees and their boughs he dressed
In diamond beads, and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail that need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That he hung on its margin far and near,
Where a rock could rear his head.

He went to the window of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept.
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the light of the moon were seen
Most beautiful things; there were flowers and trees,
There were bevies of birds, and swarms of bees,
There were cities, and temples and towers, and these
All pictured in silver and sheen.

But he did one thing that was hardly fair:
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,
"Now just to set them thinking —
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
"This costly pitcher I'll break in three,
And the glass of water they've left for me,
Shall 'tchick to tell them I'm drinking."

— Hannah F. Gould.

THE TIME AND THE DEED

Art going to do a kindly deed?
'Tis never too soon to begin;
Make haste, make haste, for the moments speed,
The world, my dear one, has pressing need
Of your tender thought and kindly deed.
'Tis never too soon to begin.

But if the deed be a selfish one,
'Tis ever too soon to begin;

If some heart will be sorer when all is done,
Put it off! put it off from sun to sun,
Remembering always, my own dear one,
'Tis ever too soon to begin.

— Jean Blewett.

THE HAMMER OF THOR

The old Norse Vikings, of whom we read in early history, used to say that thunder was the noise made by the chariot wheels of the god Thor. This maker of the thunder, they said, was the strongest of gods and men. He lived in a lofty mansion with more than five hundred rooms, which he had built in Asgard, the city of the gods and heroes. He rode along the sky in a chariot drawn by a pair of he-goats; and he was the owner of three things, without which he would scarcely have been worthy of the name of a god.

The first of these was a huge hammer or mallet, named Miolnir, the weight of which the enemies of Thor knew to their cost. Not the least wonderful thing about this hammer was the fact that, when Thor had thrown it at any mark, it always came back again to his strong right hand. The second of his treasures, which Thor found very useful, was a belt or girdle, which, when buckled round him, gave him double strength. And the third was a pair of iron gloves, without which he could nôt grasp and hurl his wonderful hammer.

We can well believe that he always took the utmost care of these three precious gifts of the gods. For at one time he had been unfortunate enough to lose his hammer. It was found by some one and taken to his enemy, Thrym the giant, who was well pleased to think that by its means he could weaken his foe the Thunderer. He hid the hammer under a pile of lofty rugged rocks in the land of the giants and then waited to see what Thor would do.

The Thunderer began by sending a herald to Giant-land to find out what reward would be asked for the return of the hammer to its owner. The messenger came back with the answer, "Let the gods in Asgard send Freya, the goddess of beauty, to become the wife of Thrym and the Queen of Giant-land. Then shall the hammer of the Thunderer be given back to him without delay."

The message was at once carried to Freya, the queen of love and beauty, who had at that moment returned from a field of battle with a band of heroes who had fallen in the fight. She was about to alight from her chariot, which was drawn by two huge cats, when the message was given to her. At first she stood dumb with scorn and anger. "The bride of Thrym!" she cried in a fury, after a few moments — "the wife of the enemy of Odin and all mankind! Never! not even to win back the hammer of Thor." Then the messenger went back at once to the Thunderer.

For a while Thor did not know what to do; but Loki, the crafty one, came to him with a plan. He offered to go with Thor to Giant-land, if the Thunderer would dress himself as Freya. So without any further delay the two

[Sir E. Burne-Jones

THOR

set out in the chariot of Thor, which was drawn by the two he-goats.

Before long they arrived in Giant-land and sought out the dwelling-place of Thrym. This was a hall of glittering ice, lofty and sparkling, but cold and cheerless to the dwellers in Asgard, who were used to warmth and feasting and cheerfulness.

At once they were admitted, and the giant bade them welcome. In a few moments he had placed a meal before the travellers, and they prepared to do full justice to it. But the eyes of Thrym opened wide with wonder as he saw his promised bride eat a whole ox as well as six salmon of great size, and other smaller things, and drink off three large vats of sparkling wine!

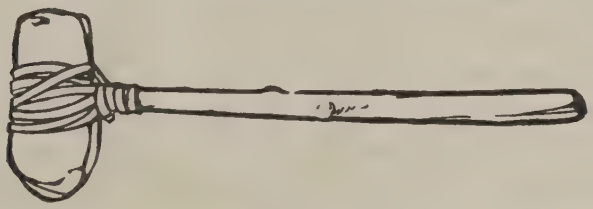
Turning aside, he said to Loki in a whisper, "The goddess is a hearty eater." "It is no wonder," said the crafty one; "she has not rested from travel for eight days and nights. We made no pause on our way here, so keen was the desire of the bride to look upon the face of her future lord."

This answer seemed to satisfy Thrym, for he came forward and gently raised the veil which had up to that moment hidden the face of his bride. But he dropped it hastily. "Why do the bride's eyes shine with so fierce a light?" he asked. "Because she is eager to see your face," said Loki. "You must have more patience. Lay the hammer of Thor on the ground at her feet as a marriage offering, and all will be well."

The giant was so eager to gaze upon the face of Freya, whose beauty was well known to gods and giants, that

he said he would do this at once. So Miolnir was brought from its hiding-place and was laid in the lap of the bride. Then a strong hand was stretched out from beneath the veil of the pretended goddess. And in a very short time there was an end of Thrym and all his household.

— *Told from* MALET'S "*Icelandic Edda.*"



THE WIND IN A FROLIC

The wind one morning sprang up from sleep,
Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!
Now for a madcap galloping chase!
I'll make a commotion in every place!"

So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,
Cracking the signs and scattering down
Shutters, and whisking, with merciless squalls,
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls.
There never was heard a much lustier shout,
As the apples and oranges tumbled about.

Then away to the fields it went blustering and humming,
And the cattle all wondered whatever was coming.
It pulled by their tails the grave, matronly cows,

And tossed the colts' manes all over their brows;
Till, offended at such a familiar salute,
They all turned their backs and stood sulky and mute.

So on it went, capering and playing its pranks —
Whistling with reeds on the broad river banks,
Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray,
Or the traveller grave on the king's highway.
It was not too nice to hustle the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags;
'Twas so bold that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig and the gentleman's cloak.

Through the forest it roared, and cried gaily, "Now,
You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow!"
And it made them bow without more ado,
Or it cracked their great branches through and through.

Then it rushed like a monster o'er cottage and farm,
Striking their inmates with sudden alarm;
And they ran out like bees in a midsummer swarm.
There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over their caps,
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps;
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd;
There was rearing of ladders, and logs were laid on,
Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to be gone.

But the wind had swept on, and had met in a lane
With a schoolboy, who panted and struggled in vain;

For it tossed him, and whirled him, then passed — and
he stood
With his hat in a pool and his shoes in the mud.

Then away went the wind in its holiday glee,
And now it was far on the billowy sea;
And the lordly ships felt its staggering blow,
And the little boats darted to and fro.

But, lo! it was night, and it sank to rest
On the sea-birds' rock in the gleaming west,
Laughing to think, in its frolicsome fun,
How little of mischief it really had done.

— William Howitt.

A PIONEER WOMAN

We like to read of the men who have been pioneers and opened up new lands for settlement. The story of their life and work is always full of interest. Women, too, have shared much of the hardship of pioneer life, and they should also share in the honor of being remembered by those who come after.

Who was the first white woman to make her home in the Canadian North-West? Fortunately we can answer this question and tell something of her life on the prairies. She was Marie Ann Gaboury, a native of the Province of Quebec; and she became the wife of Jean Baptiste Lajimodière, a voyageur of the North-West, who had returned to visit his friends in the eastern provinces.

FORT PEMBINA IN THE OLDEN DAYS

Jean Baptiste soon wearied of the old home life in the east. His heart was ever on the western prairies, and shortly after his marriage, he determined to return thither. His wife bravely decided to share the hardships of the hunter's life, and in the spring of 1806 she bade farewell to her friends and set out with her husband for the unknown west.

Every year, as soon as the rivers were free of ice, the fur-traders in Montreal set out fleets of canoes towards the western prairies. They were manned by Canadian voyageurs and carried goods to barter with the Indians in exchange for their furs. In one of these canoes Mrs. Lajimodière embarked with her husband, and twelve years were to pass before she should again have a house to dwell in, except during short visits to the posts of the fur-traders.

The canoes for the first part of the journey were large, each being rowed by eighteen men. All the goods and provisions which they carried were put up in bales of eighty or ninety pounds in weight for convenience when making a portage. The canoe itself could be carried by eight men. Between Montreal and Lake Huron there were twenty-six portages.

Mrs. Lajimodière was not, of course, expected to carry a load or to use a paddle, but the journey must have been one of great hardship for her. She had often to pass the whole day seated on the bottom of the canoe, without being able to change her position, and exposed to sun, wind, or rain. When camp was made, she had to sleep on the shore with no bed but the hard ground.

When the travellers reached the Great Lakes, the dangers

of shipwreck were added to their other discomforts. Twice the canoe which bore this pioneer woman was in the greatest danger from storms; but finally, after a month's voyage, all arrived safely at Fort William on Lake Superior.

Half the distance to the Red River was now traversed, but it was the easier half. The remainder of the journey was made partly by land and partly in smaller canoes, which bore the travellers to Lake Winnipeg, and finally up the Red River to Pembina.

Mrs. Lajimodière was the first white woman to reach this part of the country, and the Indian women showed the greatest interest in her appearance and her dress. They were rarely hostile, and often friendly; but we can well imagine how much she longed for the companionship of women of her own race.

Her life on the prairie was often a hard one. She accompanied her husband on his long hunting expeditions, and, when her first child was born, she carried it on her back in a moss-lined bag as the Indian women did. These women were even more interested in the little white baby than they had been in the mother.

On one occasion Mrs. Lajimodière was staying at a fort. She had then two children, the younger being a pretty little boy with blue eyes and fair hair. A Blackfeet Indian woman, who often came into the fort, resolved to steal this child, whom she seemed to think more beautiful than her own.

While the mother was bringing water from the river one day, the squaw entered the house and hurried off with the child, carrying him in a closed hood on her back. The

factor, or superintendent, of the fort saw her, and met the mother on her return.

"Why do you leave your children alone when the Blackfeet are near?" he said. "There is a squaw hurrying off with a child; it might be one of yours. See whether they are safe."

In a moment Mrs. Lajimodière saw that her baby had been stolen, and she flew in pursuit of the squaw, who made off towards her own people with all speed. But the mother caught her and demanded back her child. When the squaw saw that her scheme had failed, she pretended that she was carrying off the child only to play with him for a while, and she handed him over to his mother without any resistance.

Two years later the Indians tried to get possession of this same boy. This time, instead of stealing, they offered to buy the child. A chief came forward leading a fine horse and put the rope by which it was led into Mrs. Lajimodière's hand, making signs that he wished the boy in exchange for it. You can well imagine how quickly the mother refused such a bargain.

The Indian then led forward a second horse, thinking that a higher price might be accepted; but again the mother refused. "Tell him," she said, "that I will not sell my child. I would not part with him, even if the chief were to tear out my heart."

"Very well," said the Indian; "she may have one of my children along with the horses."

"No," she exclaimed, "I will never consent to part with my boy," and, taking her child in her arms, she burst into

tears. The Indian chief ceased to urge her more and went on his way with his people and his horses.

Soon after this event, the white settlers brought out from Scotland by Lord Selkirk arrived at the Red River. But trouble was brewing between the two great fur-companies. The partners of the North-West Company of Montreal did not like the new settlers, and made up their minds to drive them from the country.

It was found necessary to send secret letters to Lord Selkirk, who was then in Montreal, informing him as to conditions in the Settlement. Lajimodière was chosen as the most trusty messenger. On his return journey, however, he was waylaid by the voyageurs of the North-West Company, who beat him senseless and stole his letters. He was afterwards imprisoned at Fort William and informed that his wife had been murdered.

In the meantime, Mrs. Lajimodière had made her home at Fort Douglas, the post of the Hudson's Bay Company. When the fort was captured by the Nor'-Westers, she was compelled to seek shelter in the tents of Chief Peguis at St. Boniface. There she heard the news that her husband had been killed on the journey back from Montreal. Great was her joy, when some time afterwards Jean Baptiste returned to her, safe and sound after his trying imprisonment.

Lajimodière was given a large grant of land in the colony, and at last his wife had a home of her own. She lived to the good old age of ninety-six and died at the house of her son near St. Boniface.

— Selected.

Thomas W. Mitchell, O.S.A.

FORDING A MOUNTAIN STREAM

THE INCHCAPE ROCK

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was as still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The pious Abbot of Aberbrothock
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothock.

The sun in heaven was shining gay;
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled round,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring;
It made him whistle, it made him sing:
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he: "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothock."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from his boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph: "The next who comes to the Rock —
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothock."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away;
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand;
So dark it is, they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph: "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore."
"Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish we could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They heard no sound; the swell is strong;
Though the wind has fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock;
Cried they: "It is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
He cursed himself in his despair:
The waves rush in on every side;
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But, even in his dying fear,
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear, —
A sound as if, with the Inchcape Bell,
The fiends below were ringing his knell.

— Robert Southey.

JOHN RIDD'S RIDE

"Well, young one, what are you gaping at?"

"Your mare," said I, standing stoutly up, being a tall boy now; "I never saw such a beauty, sir. Will you let me have a ride on her?"

"Think thou couldst ride her, lad? She will have no burden but mine. Thou couldst never ride her! Tut! I would be loath to kill thee."

"Ride her!" I cried, with the bravest scorn, for she looked so kind and gentle; "there never was a horse upon Exmoor but I could tackle in half an hour. Only I never ride upon saddle. Take those leathers off of her."

He looked at me with a dry little whistle, and thrust his hands into his pockets, and so grinned that I could not stand it. And Annie laid hold of me in such a way that I was almost mad with her. And he laughed and approved her for doing so. And the worst of all was — he said nothing.

"Get away, Annie. Do you think I'm a fool, good sir? Only trust me with her, and I will not override her."

"For that I will go bail, my son. She is liker to override thee. But the ground is soft to fall upon after all this rain. Now come out into the yard, young man, for the sake of your mother's cabbages. And the mellow straw-bed will be softer for thee, since pride must have its fall. I am thy mother's cousin, boy, and I'm going up to the house. Tom Faggus is my name, as everybody knows, and this is my young mare, Winnie."

What a fool I must have been not to know it at once!

Tom Faggus, the great highwayman, and his young blood mare, the strawberry.

Already her fame was noised abroad nearly as much as her master's, and my longing to ride her grew tenfold, but fear came at the back of it. Not that I had the smallest fear of what the mare could do to me, by fair play and horse-trickery, but that the glory of sitting upon her seemed to be too great for me; especially as there were rumors abroad that she was not a mare, after all, but a witch.

Mr. Faggus gave his mare a wink, and she walked demurely after him, a bright young thing, flowing over with life, yet dropping her soul to a higher one, and led by love to anything, as the manner is of such creatures, when they know what is best for them. Then Winnie trod lightly upon the straw, because it had soft muck under it, and her delicate feet came back again.

"Up for it still, boy, are ye?" Tom Faggus stopped, and the mare stopped there; and they looked at me provokingly.

"Is she able to leap, sir? There is good take-off on this side of the brook."

Mr. Faggus laughed very quietly, turning round to Winnie so that she might enter into it. And she, for her part, seemed to know exactly where the fun lay.

"Good tumble-off, you mean, my boy. Well, there can be small harm to thee. I am akin to thy family and know the substance of their skulls."

"Let me get up," said I, waxing wroth, for reasons I cannot tell you, because they are too manifold; "take off your

saddle-bag things. I will try not to squeeze her ribs in, unless she plays nonsense with me."

Then Mr. Faggus was up on his mettle at this proud speech of mine, and John Fry was running up all the while, and Bill Dadds, and half a dozen others. Tom Faggus gave one glance around and then dropped all regard for me. The high repute of his mare was at stake, and what was my life compared to it? Through my defiance and stupid ways, here was I in a duello, and my legs not come to their strength yet, and my arms as limp as a herring.

Something of this occurred to him, even in his wrath with me, for he spoke very softly to the filly, who now could scarcely subdue herself; but she drew in her nostrils, and breathed to his breath, and did all she could to answer him.

"Not too hard, my dear," he said; "let him gently down on the mixen. That will be quite enough." Then he turned the saddle off, and I was up in a moment. She began at first so easily, and pricked her ears so lovingly, and minced about as if pleased to find so light a weight upon her, that I thought she knew I could ride a little, and feared to show any capers. "Gee wugg, Polly!" cried I, for all the men were now looking on, being then at the leaving-off time; "Gee wugg, Polly, and show what thou art made of." With that I plugged my heels into her, and Billy Dadds flung his hat up.

Nevertheless, she outraged not, though her eyes were frightening Annie, and John Fry took a pick to keep him safe; but she curbed to and fro with her strong forearms rising like springs ingathered, waiting and quivering grievously, and beginning to sweat about it. Then her master

gave a shrill, clear whistle, when her ears were bent towards him, and I felt her form beneath me gathering up like whalebone, and her hind legs coming under her, and I knew that I was in for it.

First she reared up right in the air and struck me full on the nose with her comb, till I bled worse than Robin Snell made me; and then down with her forefeet deep in the straw, and with her hind feet going to heaven. Finding me stick to her still like wax, for my mettle was up as hers was, away she flew with me swifter than ever I went before or since, I trow.

She drove full head at the cob wall — "Oh, Jack, slip off!" screamed Annie — then she turned like light, when I thought to crush her, and ground my left knee against it. "Dear me!" I cried, for my breeches were broken, and short words went the furthest — "if you kill me, you shall die with me." Then she took the courtyard gate at a leap, knocking my words between my teeth, and then right over a quickset hedge, as if the sky were a breath to her; and away for the water meadows, while I lay on her neck like a child and wished I had never been born.

Straight away, all in the front of the wind, and scattering clouds around her, all I knew of the speed we made was the frightful flash of her shoulders, and her mane like trees in a tempest. I felt the earth under us rushing away, and the air left far behind us, and my breath came and went, and I prayed to God and was sorry to be so late of it.

All the long swift while, without power of thought, I clung to her crest and shoulders and was proud of holding on so long, though sure of being beaten. Then in her fury at

feeling me still, she rushed at another device for it, and leaped the wide water-trough sideways across, to and fro, till no breath was left in me. The hazel boughs took me too hard in the face, and the tall dog-briars got hold of me, and the ache of my back was like crimping a fish, till I longed to give it up, thoroughly beaten, and lie there and die in the cresses.

But there came a shrill whistle from up the home hill, and the mare stopped as if with a bullet, then set off for home with the speed of a swallow, and going as smoothly and silently. I never had dreamed of such delicate motion, fluent and graceful, soft as the breeze flitting over the flowers, but swift as the summer lightning.

I sat up again, but my strength was all spent, and no time left to recover it; and though she rose at our gate like a bird, I tumbled off into the soft mud.

"Well done, lad," Mr. Faggus said, good-naturedly; for all were now gathered round me, as I rose from the ground, somewhat tottering, and miry, and crestfallen, but otherwise none the worse; "not at all bad work, my boy; we may teach you to ride by and by, I see; I thought not to see you stick on so long —"

"I should have stuck on much longer, sir, if her sides had not been wet. She was so slippery —"

"Boy, thou art right. She hath given many the slip. Ha! ha! Vex not, Jack, that I laugh at thee. She is like a sweetheart to me, and better than any of them be. It would have gone to my heart, if thou hadst conquered. None but I can ride my Winnie mare."

— R. D. Blackmore.

From "Lorna Doone."

BALDUR, THE BEAUTIFUL

Before the Norsemen became Christians, they believed in many gods and goddesses: they had gods of the sky and of the sea, of spring and of summer, of thunder and lightning, of frost and of storm. Many a strange tale they told of the doings of their gods, and most of those tales are really pictures of the things that take place in nature — such as the wars between wind and sea, between light and darkness, and between sun and frost.

Baldur was the god of light. He was the fairest of all that dwelt in Asgard, the best beloved of gods and of men. Wherever he went, he carried with him that kindness and love which is to the heart of men what light is to the sky. Every one loved him but Loki: the spirit of evil hated the goodness that was in Baldur.

Baldur's palace was the home of all that was bright and pure. It was built of the blue of the sky and the clear crystal of running water. Here he lived in peace, for no evil thing could enter. But Baldur became sad and troubled, for he dreamed that his life was in danger.

Then his mother went abroad over the whole world and

made everything promise not to hurt Baldur. Who would hurt the beautiful god? Earth, air, and water, beasts and birds, and plants and flowers — all things promised never to hurt him. So his mother returned to Asgard with joy; but still Baldur was sad.

Then the gods invented a kind of game to cheer his heart. They made him stand in the midst, while they threw at him weapons and all hurtful things, to show that nothing could do him harm; and thus they amused themselves many days.

In the meantime Loki disguised himself as an old woman and went to Baldur's mother. He said he was surprised that Baldur was not hurt: and then his mother told of the promise which all things had made never to harm him. "What! have all things promised this?" asked Loki. "Yes," was the reply; "all things have promised, except one weak little plant, the mistletoe, which grows far away, and which I did not think it worth while to ask."

Loki rejoiced in his evil heart when he heard this. He hurried to the place where the mistletoe grew, and plucked a twig of it, which by his magic he made into a spear. Then he came back to Asgard, where the gods were playing their game of throwing spears at Baldur.

"Why do you not join in the game?" he asked one of the gods.

"Because I am blind," he replied.

"For the honor of Baldur you should throw a spear at him," Loki went on.

"I have no spear to throw," answered the blind god.

Then Loki put into his hand the mistletoe spear and

helped him to aim it. The spear pierced Baldur through the heart, and he fell dead. Then there were grief and anger in Asgard; weeping and mourning were heard for the first time among the gods.

Odin sent a message to the daughter of Loki, who ruled over the world of the dead, and asked her to set Baldur free. She replied that he would be set free, if every living thing would weep for him; but if a single creature refused to weep, he could not return.

Then the gods went through the earth and prayed all things living to weep for Baldur. One old woman alone refused, and so Baldur could not be set free. The old woman was no other than Loki, who had taken this form in order to hide himself.

After the death of Baldur came a gloomy time in Asgard. The gods had fierce wars with the frost giants and were defeated. This time is called the "twilight of the gods." But even then they looked forward to a better time which was to come, when Baldur should return, and all should be light and joy and peace.

Thus the old Norsemen gave us the beautiful tale of Baldur, the sun-god. When the days grow short in winter, the time of the mistletoe, Baldur is dead; but when spring returns, the war with the frost giants is over, and Baldur returns with light and joy to the northern lands.

—SELECTED.

Press on! if once and twice thy feet
Slip back and stumble, harder try;
From him who never dreads to meet
Danger and death, they're sure to fly.

THE RIDERS OF THE PLAINS*

We wake the prairie echoes with
The ever-welcome sound,
"Ring out the boot and saddle!" till
Its stirring notes resound.
Our horses toss their bridled heads
And chafe against the reins,
Ring out, ring out the marching call
Of the Riders of the Plains.

Full many a league o'er prairie wild
Our trackless path must be,
And round it roam the fiercest tribes
Of Blackfeet and of Cree;
But danger from their savage bands
Our dauntless heart disdains,
That heart which bears the helmet up
Of the Riders of the Plains.

The thunderstorm sweeps o'er our way,
But onward still we go
We scale the rugged mountain range,
Descend the valley low;
We face the dread Saskatchewan,
Brimmed high with heavy rains
With all his might he cannot check
The Riders of the Plains.

Our mission is to plant the rule
Of Britain's freedom here,

*The North-West Mounted Police, 1874.

Restrain the lawless savage, and
  Protect the pioneer;
And 'tis a proud and daring trust
  To hold these vast domains,
With but three hundred mounted men,
  The Riders of the Plains.

We bear no lifted banner,
  The soldier's care and pride;
No waving flag leads onward
  Our horsemen when they ride;
The sense of duty well discharged
  All idle thoughts sustains,
No other spur to action need
  The Riders of the Plains.

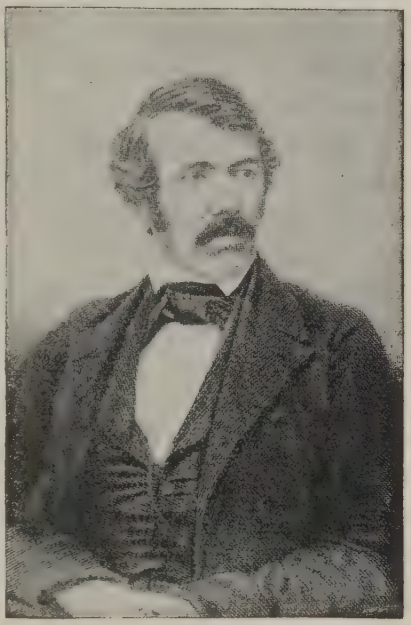
— Anonymous.

AN EXPLORER'S BOYHOOD

In one of the narrow alleys of the village of Blantyre, in Scotland, there lived about a hundred years ago a poor hard-working family named Livingstone. The father, Neil Livingstone, was an upright man; rather stern, perhaps, but with a kindly heart beneath the sternness, and with good brave Highland blood in his veins. His grandfather fought many a battle for Bonnie Prince Charlie, and at last had laid down his life for his king. That was a story which the children were never tired of hearing, al-

though their mother would shake her head over the tale, and tell how her grandfather fought on the other side.

Mrs. Livingstone could tell many stories of the deeds of her grandfather, who had lived in those cruel, terrible times when the Covenanters were hunted down like wild beasts, driven from their homes to take refuge in caves, imprisoned or put to death for the sake of their religion.



David Livingstone

It was a hard life and a difficult one which the mother had to face. The money Neil Livingstone earned by selling tea was little enough, and there were five children to feed and clothe. Besides, there were the two little mounds in the churchyard, which left such an ache in the mother's heart.

It was on the nineteenth of March, a hundred years ago, that David was born, just when the last wreathes of snow were melting behind the dykes, and the first signs of Spring had begun to cheer the land after the long winter days. He was a strong, healthy child, as hardy as his Highland forefathers, and with his gentle mother's beautiful gray-blue eyes, and a great deal of her tender, loving nature.

There was plenty of work in the home for even small hands to do. As soon as David was old enough to go to the village school, he had begun to be quite a help to his mother, who was most careful to keep the house neat and tidy, and spotlessly clean. He was taught to be thorough in all his work. When he swept the room for his mother, there was no leaving of dust in dark corners where it might not be noticed, no dusting round in circles and not underneath. He learned to be as careful and tidy as she was herself, and did his work most cheerfully, asking only that the door might be kept shut while he was sweeping out the room, so that the other village boys might not see him doing housework.

Neil Livingstone was very strict with his children, and his word was law in the house. Whenever he made a rule, they all knew it must be obeyed. One of his rules was that every night at dusk the cottage door was locked for the night, and the children were all expected to be home by that time.

Now it happened that one night David was so much interested in his games that he did not notice that the sun had gone down, and, when he raced home in the gloaming, it was to find the door shut and barred as usual, while he was left outside. He never dreamed of knocking or kicking, but looked blankly at the closed door, till a kind neighbor, seeing him standing there supperless, gave him a slice of bread. David then sat down on the doorstep, ate his supper, and curled himself up to sleep. Of course his mother, missing the child, when it grew late, came anxiously to the door to look out, and found him quite prepared

to spend the night there; and of course his father, smiling rather grimly, said, "Bring the bairn in."

By the time David was ten years old, he was thought big enough to begin to earn his own living and do something towards helping the rest of the family. A place was found for him at the cotton-spinning mill; his days at the village school came to an end, and he began to work like a man. Every morning he had his porridge at five o'clock, buttoned his jacket tightly, pulled on his "bonnet," and set out in the pitch darkness or faint gray light of dawn to walk to the factory, where work began at six o'clock.

He was what was called a "piecer," and his work was to watch the looms and tie together the threads which broke the weaving. It was not very exciting, and it was extremely tiring. Except for a break for meals, it went on until eight o'clock at night, which meant working almost fourteen hours a day.

But if David found work at the mill hard at first, when Saturday came and he was paid his first earnings, he was as happy as a king. He held the half crown tight in his fist, having carefully planned beforehand what he meant to do with it, and then he started for the village shop where he had seen an old Latin grammar for sale. He had set his heart on that grammar, and it did not cost a great deal, so when he had it safe under his arm he ran all the way home, and bursting into the room threw his earnings into his mother's lap. It was quite the proudest day of his life.

The old Latin grammar now helped to lighten many a dull hour at his work. He propped it up on the top of the spinning frame, and, as he went backwards and forwards,

he learned little pieces of it by heart, until he became a fairly good Latin scholar.

It might have been supposed that after fourteen hours at the factory, David would have been glad to rest or play when he got home at night, but, instead of that, he was off at once to the night school. Even when he returned at ten o'clock, he would still sit poring over his beloved books, until his mother came home and blew out the candle and bade him be off to bed. All the children loved books, and they had always been encouraged by their father to read as much as possible. Neil Livingstone himself collected all the books he could and was specially fond of stories of travel and missionary work. Whenever there was a Missionary Meeting held within walking distance he was always there, and he took David with him whenever he could.

Those long days of work in the factory, the hours spent in the night school, and the poring over the books till midnight might make one think that David was merely a studious, hard-working boy, but whenever a holiday came round he showed what a splendid out-of-door boy he was as well. Away on the moors, scrambling over rocks, climbing hills, wading the river, he was in his element; and what David did not know about plants and beetles, birds and butterflies, was not thought worth knowing by the other boys. If he was keen at his books, he was just as keen on making collections, hunting for plants, and gaining all kinds of out-door knowledge. Nothing escaped his eye.

He was keen, too, on games and knew all the best pools for fishing, so that once he actually caught a salmon. It

was forbidden by law to land a salmon, but David could not bring himself to throw the great glittering fish into the water again, and yet it was hardly possible to carry it home without being seen. His brother Charlie was with him, and together they discussed the matter, with the result that David slipped the salmon down the leg of Charlie's trousers, and then marched him home. "Poor lad, he's got an awful swollen leg," said the neighbors as they passed, and David managed to keep his face solemn until they reached home.

There was no doubt that David was the greatest favorite with all his brothers and sisters. The whole house was merrier when David was at home, and he could tell such splendid stories, and was always ready to play games with the little ones.

All this time there were other things David was learning besides his factory work and his night school lessons, and these were to be truthful in word and deed, and to be thoughtful for others.

The remembrance of that wonderful Life lived nineteen hundred years ago, and spent in helping the helpless and the weak, made the boy's heart burn within him. Slowly, day by day, he began to weave his plan of service for his Master, while he watched the weaving of the thread in the loom and joined the broken pieces together. There were far-off lands still in darkness, waiting for the light. There were helpless men, women, and little children, stretching out their hands and calling for aid; souls and bodies, as of old, waiting to be healed. He was only a poor factory boy, dreaming his great dream of service, longing to try to fol-

low the example of the Great Physician. But he made up his mind steadfastly to do his best, however poor that best might be, and, manfully setting his face towards the goal, never once did he turn back.

And what was the goal towards which he strove so earnestly? It was not the love and applause of all his

LIVINGSTONE IN THE AFRICAN JUNGLE

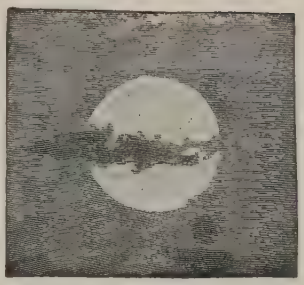
fellow countrymen; not a name that should be famous all the world over; not the honored rest beneath the Abbey roof which shelters England's heroes. All these were his, indeed, but it was a higher reward he sought, the sound of the Master's voice, saying once again, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

From "The Chisholm Readers." — AMY STEEDMAN.

THE WIND AND THE MOON

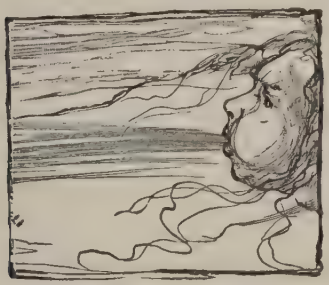
Said the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out.
You stare
In the air
Like a ghost in a chair,
Always looking what I am about.
I hate to be watched; I will blow you out."

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.
So, deep,
On a heap
Of clouds, to sleep,
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon —
Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon."



He turned in his bed; she was there again!
On high
In the sky,
With her one ghost eye,
The Moon shone white and alive and plain.
Said the Wind, "I will blow you out again."

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew dim.
"With my sledge
And my wedge
I have knocked off her edge!



If only I blow right fierce and grim,
The creature will soon be dimmer than dim."

He blew and blew, and she thinned to a thread.
"One puff
More's enough
To blow her to snuff!
One good puff more where the last was bred,
And glimmer, glimmer, glum will go the thread!"

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone;
In the air
Nowhere
Was a moonbeam bare;
Far off and harmless the shy stars shone;
Sure and certain the Moon was gone!

The Wind he took to his revels once more.
On down,
In town,
Like a merry mad clown
He leaped and hallooed with whistle and roar.
"What's that?" The glimmering thread once more!

He flew in a rage — he danced and blew;
But in vain
Was the pain
Of his bursting brain,
For still the broader the Moon-scrap grew,
The broader he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

Slowly she grew — till she filled the night,
And shone
On her throne
In the sky alone,
A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the Queen of the Night.

Said the Wind, "What a marvel of power am I!
With my breath,

Good faith!
I blew her to death —
First blew her away right out of the sky,
Then blew her in; what a strength am I!"

But the Moon she knew nothing about the affair,
For, high
In the sky
With her one white eye,
Motionless, miles above the air,
She had never heard the great Wind blare.

— George MacDonald.

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PHAETON

In the sunny plains of Greece dwelt Phaeton, the son of Apollo. Early in the morning, when the sun appeared above the horizon, his mother would tell him that his father was starting out for his early drive. Phaeton was proud of his father's beauty and power, and he boasted of them to his playmates. "Foolish fellow," they said, "you are puffed up with pride. Give us some proof that Apollo is your father, or keep silent."

Phaeton went to his mother and said, "I must prove that I am the son of Apollo, therefore direct me to my father's palace, that I may speak with him."

"The sun rises in the land next to ours," replied his mother. "Make haste if you would reach his palace before his chariot passes out of the morning gates."

Phaeton travelled eastward till he came to his father's palace. There he saw Apollo, robed in purple and gold, sitting on his throne, which glittered with diamonds. On his right hand and on his left stood the Days and Hours, the Months and Years. Aurora had already thrown open the gates of the east, and the Hours came forth to harness the fiery horses.

Full of hope and pride, Phaeton advanced to his father's throne. Apollo watched him as he drew near and asked the purpose of his visit. The youth replied, "Oh, light of the world, I beg of you give me some proof that I may know that you are my father."

Apollo looked at his son with pride and answered, "I will grant you whatever you wish, and I call to witness the River Styx."

"Oh, father," cried Phaeton, "let me drive the golden chariot of the sun just one day."

Apollo shook his head and begged Phaeton not to ask that. "You are mortal," said he, "and you ask to do the work of a god. You have not the strength nor the wisdom for so great a work. The first part of the way is so steep that the horses can hardly climb. The middle part is so high that I cannot look at the earth and sea beneath me without alarm. The last part of the road descends so rapidly that it requires most careful driving. Nor will you find the horses easy to guide. I can scarcely govern them myself, when they become unruly. I beg of you to recall your wish while you may. You ask me for a proof that I am your father. My care for you is a proof. Look around you," he continued, "and choose something

that the earth or sea contains. My oath is given, but I beg of you to choose more wisely."

Phaeton heeded not the words of Apollo, but sprang into the chariot, stood erect, and grasped the reins with delight.

"My son," said Apollo, "if you will go, you must at least heed this advice — spare the whip and hold tight the reins. They go too fast of their own accord. Do not take the straight road, but turn off at the left. The marks of the wheels will guide you. Go not too high, or you will burn the heavenly dwellings. Go not too low, or you will set the earth on fire, and now I leave you to your fate."

Meanwhile, the horses filled the air with their snortings and stamped the ground with impatience. Then they darted forward through the rosy clouds and outran the morning breeze. Missing the guiding hand of Apollo, they rushed headlong and left the travelled road.

Phaeton was alarmed and did not know what to do. When he looked down upon the earth, he grew pale with terror and his knees shook. He turned his eyes from one direction to another. He forgot the names of the horses. He did not know whether to draw the reins tight or let them loose. His courage failed him, and he let the reins fall from his hands. The horses dashed off into unknown regions of the sky and hurled the chariot up into high heaven, then down to earth.

The moon saw her brother's chariot running beneath her own. The clouds began to smoke, and the mountain tops took fire. The fields were parched with heat, and the trees were all ablaze. Great cities perished, with their walls and towers. Fountains dried up, and the sea shrank.

Where water had been now became dry plains. The mountains that lay beneath the waves lifted up their heads and became islands.

Thrice Neptune tried to raise his head above the surface of the water, and thrice he was driven back by the heat. Earth looked up to heaven and with husky tone called on Jupiter. "Oh, ruler of the gods," she said, "is it your will that I perish with fire? Is it for this that I have supplied herbage for cattle and fruit for men? And what has my brother Ocean done to deserve such a fate? I pray you take thought of us in this awful moment and save us."

Then Jupiter called the gods to witness that all would be lost, unless there was a speedy remedy. So he mounted the lofty tower, and sent forth his mightiest thunderbolt, and struck Phaeton from his seat. With his hair on fire, Phaeton fell headlong like a shooting star into the river. The horses were calmed by Jupiter's voice, and the car rolled back into its usual path.

When Phaeton's mother heard of his death, she mourned for him and would not be comforted. His sisters spent their days by the river bank, wringing their hands and weeping for him, till the gods took pity on them and turned them into poplar trees. His friend Cycnus plunged every day into the river, hoping to find Phaeton, until the gods changed him into a swan. The swan still sails over the water, plunging its head in now and then as if in search of something it loves. To this very day the deserts and barren places of the earth tell the story of the day Phaeton drove Apollo's chariot.

—Selected.

THE CIRCUS-DAY PARADE

Oh! the circus-day parade! How the bugles played and played!
And how the glossy horses tossed their flossy manes and neighed,
As the rattle and the rime of the tenor-drummer's time
Filled all the hungry hearts of us with melody sublime!

How the grand band-wagon shone with a splendor all its own,
And glittered with a glory that our dreams had never known!
And how the boys behind, high and low of every kind,
Marched in unconscious capture, with a rapture undefined!

How the horsemen, two and two, with their plumes of white and blue
And crimson, gold and purple, nodding by at me and you,
Waved the banners that they bore, as the knights in days of yore,
Till our glad eyes gleamed and glistened like the spangles that they wore!

How the graceless-graceful stride of the elephant was eyed,
And the capers of the little horse that cantered at his side!
How the shambling camels, tame to the plaudits of their fame,
With listless eyes came silent, masticating as they came.

How the cages jolted past, with each wagon battened fast,
And the mystery within it only hinted of at last

From the little grated square in the rear, and nosing there
The snout of some strange animal that sniffed the outer air!

And, last of all, the clown, making mirth for all the town,
With his lips curved ever upward and his eyebrows ever down,
And his chief attention paid to the little mule that played
A tattoo on the dashboard with his heels, in the parade.

Oh! the circus-day parade! How the bugles played and played!
And how the glossy horses tossed their flossy manes and neighed,
As the rattle and the rime of the tenor-drummer's time
Filled all the hungry hearts of us with melody sublime!

— James Whitcomb Riley.

From "Rhymes of Childhood"
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THE CHRISTMAS DINNER

Up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence. And she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, the second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit, who was wearing a monstrous shirt collar belonging to his father, plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired.

And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tear-

Bob and Tiny Tim

ing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and had known it for their own. Then these young Cratchits danced about the table, while Master Peter Cratchit, whose collar nearly choked him, blew the fire, until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has become of your father?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim? And Martha wasn't as late last Christmas Day by half an hour."

"Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her.

"We had a great deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother."

'Well, never mind, as long as you are here," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit down before the fire, my dear, and warm yourself."

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob — "not coming upon Christmas Day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, even if it were only in joke; so she came out from behind the closet door and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits caught up Tiny Tim and carried him off into the washhouse, that he might hear the pudding singing in the kettle.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember, upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice trembled when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool before the fire. Then Master Peter and the two young Cratchits went to bring the goose, with which they soon returned in high glee.

Such excitement followed that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds, and in truth it was some-

thing very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy, ready beforehand in a little saucepan, hissing hot. Master Peter mashed the potatoes; Miss Belinda sweetened the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table.

The two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves. Then climbing into their chairs, they held their fingers over their lips, lest they should call for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was followed by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast. When she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board. Even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried, "Hurrah!"

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness, flavor, and size were wonderful to think of. With apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was enough dinner for the whole family. Indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight, looking at one small bone upon the dish, they hadn't eaten all of it yet. But every one had had enough, even the youngest Cratchits.

And now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room to take the pudding up and bring it in. Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have climbed over the wall of the back-yard and

stolen it while they were merry with the goose! The two young Cratchits almost went black in the face, when they thought of what might have happened.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the kettle. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastry-cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding. In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered — flushed, but smiling proudly — with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, and decked with Christmas holly. Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said it was the best pudding Mrs. Cratchit had ever made. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family.

At last the dinner was all done, the hearth swept, and the fire made. All the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, and watched the chestnuts on the fire as they sputtered and cracked. Then Bob said, "Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

From "A Christmas Carol." — Charles Dickens.

CHRISTMAS

By a beautiful road our Christmas comes,
  A road full twelve months long,
And every mile is as warm as a smile,
  And every hour is a song.

Flower and flake and cloud and sun,
And the winds that riot and sigh,
Have their work to do ere the dreams come true,
And Christmas glows in the sky.

To the beautiful home our Christmas comes,
The home that is safe and sweet,
With its door ajar for the beam of the Star,
And its corner for love's retreat.
There the mark on the wall for the golden head
Is higher a bit, we know;
Between Christmas coming and Christmas sped
There's time for the bairn to grow.

'Tis a beautiful time when Christmas comes
All up the street and down,
For hearts alight make faces bright
When Christmas comes to town.
Neighbor and friend in gladness meet,
And all are neighbors dear,
When the Christmas peace bids evil cease
In the holiest day of the year.

The fair white fields in silence lie;
Invisible angels go
Over the floor that sparkles hoar
With the glitter of frost and snow.
They scatter the sweetest balm of Heaven
Wherever on earth they stay,
And Heaven's own store of bliss they pour
On the earth each Christmas Day.

'Tis a beautiful task our Christmas brings
For old and young to share,
With jingle of bells, and silvery swells
Of music in the air.
To make the sad world merry awhile,
And to frighten sin away,
And to bless us all, whatever befall,
Is the task of Christmas Day.

— Margaret E. Sangster.

CINCINNATUS

It was a time of great rejoicing in Rome: glorious victories had been won by her soldiers abroad, and the Romans were always ready to pay homage to the brave men who fought for the honor of their country.

Roman Officer

Late in the afternoon of one of these festal days, five dusty horsemen hurried through the city and made their way in all haste to the Senate. Soon the tidings they had brought were known to all, and rejoicing was changed to mourning, as the news spread that the honor of Rome was at stake.

The messengers told how the Roman troops, led by an inexperienced consul, had been surrounded by the Æquians, who were bitter enemies of Rome. Deep ditches had been dug, and mounds had been built all around the Roman camp, so that the

army was closely shut in and in great danger. At the risk of their lives, the five horsemen had managed to pass the enemy's guards and make their way to Rome to ask for aid.

Roman Soldier

The Senate resolved that the best and bravest general in the city must be chosen as Dictator, and be sent to save Rome's honor. Only one man could be thought of. This was Cincinnatus, an old soldier of noble family, who had retired to a little farm, where he spent his time in ploughing, sowing, and reaping.

A party of senators went in search of him, and found him ploughing in the field. In great haste they greeted him and told him of his country's need. They implored him to come to Rome at once, become their Dictator, and lead an army to the camp of the Æquians to set the Romans free. Cincinnatus was old and weary of warfare. He would have preferred to remain on his little farm; but he was a Roman, and so he left his oxen standing in the furrow and hastened with the senators to Rome.

Standard-bearer

Arrived in the Forum, he called the citizens to arms. He commanded that all men who were able to fight should come together before sunset on the Field of Mars. Each man was to come armed, and to bring with him twelve wooden stakes and food enough for five days.

The Romans were glad to have a good leader and hastened to obey him. As the sun sank that evening, the little army was ready; and when the voice of the general cried, "Make haste, standard-bearers; march on, soldiers!" the brave troops echoed the cry, "Make haste, standard-bearers; march on, soldiers!" as they left the city behind.

By marching all night, Cincinnatus brought his men in the rear of the Æquians and placed them in a circle around the camp. He commanded that, when the signal was given, each man should shout as loud as he could, and then should set to work to make a ditch in front of himself and set up his twelve stakes to defend it.

At early dawn the Æquians and the besieged Romans were astonished to hear a mighty shout, and to see that formidable line of armed men facing them. The Æquians saw that resistance was useless, for they were now between two armies of angry Romans; so after a brief struggle they offered to surrender.

Cincinnatus accepted their offer of peace, but let them go only after they had given up their arms and spoil and had "passed under the yoke." This was considered a great disgrace, and the Æquians would never have submitted to it if they had not been compelled to do so in order to save their lives. The yoke was formed of two spears standing in the ground, with a third spear tied across their tops. The conquerors were drawn up in two long lines facing each other, and the defeated soldiers marched between the lines and under the yoke, receiving as they passed the taunts and blows of the victorious Romans.

Cincinnatus had done his great work, and he marched

with the two armies back to Rome. He entered the city in triumph and was met by throngs of rejoicing people. The army in loving gratitude presented him with a golden

Ruins in the Forum, Rome

crown; but Cincinnatus at once laid aside the title of Dictator and joyfully hastened back to his farm, where he continued to live quietly and simply, as if he had never held that great office or enjoyed that glorious victory.

—Selected.

Darkness before, all joy behind!
Yet keep thy courage, do not mind:
He soonest reads the lesson right
Who reads with back against the light.

MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH

Men of Harlech! in the hollow,
Do you hear, like rushing billow,
Wave on wave that surging follow
  Battle's distant sound?
'Tis the tramp of Saxon foemen,
Saxon spearmen, Saxon bowmen, —
Be they knights or hinds or yeomen,
  They shall bite the ground!
  Loose the folds asunder,
  Flag we conquer under!
The placid sky, now bright on high,
Shall launch its bolts in thunder.
Onwards! 'tis our country needs us.
He is bravest, he who leads us!
Honor's self now proudly heads us!
  Cambria, God, and Right!

Rocky steeps and passes narrow
Flash with spear and flight of arrow.
Who would think of death or sorrow?
  Death is glory now!
Hurl the reeling horsemen over!
Let the earth dead foemen cover!
Fate of friend, of wife, of lover,
  Trembles on a blow!
  Strands of life are riven;
  Blow for blow is given
In deadly lock or battle shock,
And mercy shrieks to Heaven!

Men of Harlech! young or hoary,
Would you win a name in story?
Strike for home, for life, for glory!
Cambria, God, and Right!

— William Duthie.

THE BEATITUDES

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

— Bible: *Matt. v. 3–10.*

THE COMING OF ANGUS OG

Crouching behind a clump of bracken that overhung the burn knelt Kenneth Campbell. The May morning was yet young; there was still dew on the bracken and the bog-myrtle, and the spider's web that stretched from the lowest

branch of a little silver birch to the highest stretch of a small piece of heather was diamond-studded.

A damp place for bare legs to kneel on was that bank; but that was no odds to Kenneth. His ragged kilt was long past being cared for; his jersey was so faded that the most imaginative mind would have found it hard to guess its original color. His thatch of yellow hair hung over his eyes and shaded them from the sun, which had already freckled his face to the color of a turkey's egg.

In his right hand Kenneth held a rod of his own making, and at the end of the rod dangled a worm. His brow was wrinkled in desperate anxiety, as he strove to get the worm safely over the bracken, clear through a gap between the birch trees, and gently over the bank into the little current that would swiftly carry it into the dark shadow, where a bit of foam bobbed up and down.

Kenneth's patience won the day. Skilfully the bait was coaxed into the current, and it disappeared in the water that was of the very same hazel brown as the fisher's eyes. For a few throbbing moments Kenneth waited, and then there came that tug which is one of the joys that no fisherman can outlive. He struck swiftly and surely, and then jerked up the fish from the water.

It was a good yellow trout of half a pound, silvery and clean and red spotted. A smile broke over his face, as he removed the hook and proceeded to rebait it. This was going to be a lucky day — a half-pounder with the first worm — and it was not yet seven o'clock.

Kenneth was right. Before long a second trout, a shade smaller than the first, was safely landed. Then others

followed in quick succession, and in less than an hour he had eight good trout strung on a bit of cord. He was carefully tying on another worm, when he heard a low laugh behind him.

The boy wheeled sharply round and saw a young man with brown eyes, bright chestnut hair with golden tips, a fair complexion, a graceful figure, and the most dazzling of happy smiles. His clothes were quite unlike those worn by the men of Scalpa. Kenneth had never seen a man like him.

Round-eyed and open-mouthed, the boy stared at him.

"Where will you be coming from?" he asked.

"I will be coming from the other side of the island," said the young man gaily. "You thought I had dropped from the skies, did you not?"

"What will you be doing on Scalpa?" asked Kenneth.

"What will I be doing? I will be starving of hunger, unless we very soon cook these trout of yours."

Kenneth was puzzled. "I was for taking them home to my mother," he said. "I cannot give them to you."

"But I will buy them," cried the young man eagerly. "See, a whole guinea for eight little fishes!" He held up the shining coin temptingly; but Kenneth grew red under his freckles.

"I do not sell food to hungry travellers," he said; "I give it. But first you must ask my mother, if you may have the fish. I have promised them to my mother."

"You are a good lad," said the stranger, "and I think it must be your mother who is taking my friends and me into her house.

"Great things have happened since you went out this morning," continued the young man merrily. "My friends and I were wrecked on the north coast last night, and your good mother has promised us shelter until we find a ship to take us to Stornoway."

With this he clapped Kenneth on the back, and showed his white teeth in so radiant a smile that Kenneth had to smile in return. He stepped out by the side of the stranger, and together they made their way towards the little thatched house with its blue curl of peat smoke, close down by the seashore.

Outside the cottage two gentlemen were sitting on the bench. They sprang to their feet at the sight of Kenneth and his companion. The young man spoke to them in a tongue which Kenneth could not understand, gaily laughing and pointing to the boy and his string of shining trout. Then, with his hand on Kenneth's shoulder, he and the boy entered the cottage, where Mrs. Campbell was busy baking oat cakes on the griddle. The boy noticed that the table was spread with the best food that the house could afford.

Kenneth was astonished, but his mother was too busy for explanation. Quickly she told him in Gaelic to clean the fish. And quickly Kenneth obeyed. In a very short time the trout, that half an hour ago had been swimming in the amber-brown water of the burn, were gaily frizzling in the frying-pan.

"Come, Kenneth, you must eat with us," said the young man.

Mrs. Campbell's face flushed and she dropped a lower curtsy than Kenneth thought anybody could make.

"You do my son great honor, sir," she said. "He will never forget it."

Hungry indeed were the shipwrecked foreigners, and they vowed that they had never tasted anything more delicious than the trout caught by Kenneth. The table was well cleared when the meal was done, and the young man laughed as he looked at the empty plates.

"What with your cooking, madam," he said, "and with the air of this place, I have the appetite of a wolf. Pardon my greed, but what shall we have for dinner?" Mrs. Campbell looked confused. "There will just be the oat cakes and the milk," she confessed, "and perhaps the hens."

The young man laughed. "Look you, O'Neill," he said, "we must go a-hunting." Captain O'Neill sprang to his feet, and, saying something in the tongue which Kenneth could not understand, he went out of the door, and in two minutes returned with a pair of long-barrelled flintlock guns.

"Come along, Kenneth," said the young man; "you shall soon see all my magic."

They turned their steps towards the peat bog and the hill behind the cottage. On the hillside the young man began to whistle, and so exactly did he imitate the plover's cry that plovers rose up from the cotton grass and heather in the bog and flocked towards him. Three of them he shot on the wing.

"Sure," cried Kenneth, "it is witchcraft."

Captain O'Neill set himself to whistle too, but the plovers would have none of him. "They'd be silly ones that took you for a bird," said Kenneth with scorn. Once more

Petite

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE

the young man whistled, and a crowd of birds came at his call. He brought down half a dozen of them, one after the other with his gun.

The dinner that Mrs. Campbell cooked that day was as good as the breakfast. When the meal was over the young man said, "Kenneth, will you take me a-fishing for supper? We ought to be able to catch some cod from the black rocks round the point."

Kenneth gladly agreed, and together they made their way along the shore. The young man whistled softly as they walked along, and it was a tune that Kenneth knew — "The King shall come to his own again." That must be the king over the water thought Kenneth. He had heard him spoken of in whispers, and it was for the king's son that his mother's brothers and many of her clan had gone away to fight, some never to return.

Kenneth looked up at the young man. "Will he come to his own?" he asked suddenly; "and will the Prince be my King one day?"

The young man's face lighted up, and, smiling one of the dazzling smiles that won men's hearts, he placed his hand very kindly on Kenneth's shoulder.

"It is all in the lap of the gods, Kenneth, if you know what that means. But I believe the King will come to his own, and that on some far-off day the Prince may be King."

Then he walked on in silence. "Who do you think that I am?" he asked at length, and he eyed the boy's face very keenly.

Kenneth grew red, and hung his head shamefacedly.

"I would be thinking," he said, "that you would be Angus Og."

"Angus Og! But I do not know who he is," said the stranger.

"He will be one of the old gods," said Kenneth. "He has been asleep — och! he will have been asleep a thousand years. But one day he will wake up again, and there will be no sadness nor hunger when he has come again."

"And what was he like, this Angus Og?" asked the stranger softly.

"I will be thinking he would be like you," said Kenneth. "He had the sunshine in his hair, and the magic in his voice. He was young and very beautiful, and always gay and kind, and every one will always be loving him."

"You will be a fine courtier indeed, Kenneth," said the stranger, with a catch in his voice. "Ah, no, alas! I am not Angus Og. I am but a very human man, who knows only too well the meaning of sadness, hunger, and sorrow."

"Then it was true?" asked the boy disappointedly. "You are just a ship-wrecked foreigner?"

"Not a foreigner, perhaps," the other replied, "but ship-wrecked most certainly."

"Was it a big ship?" asked Kenneth.

"A monstrous big ship," said the young man.

"How big?"

The stranger laughed. "My faith! I do not know. The size of my ship? Oh, perhaps fifty tons."

"Fifty tons!" said Kenneth with scorn.

"And you will be calling that a big ship. Have I not

been at sea myself for three months when I was but eleven? That was but a very small vessel indeed."

The young man laughed again. "I thought it a large one," he said; "but I am no sailor. But you shall see that I can catch fish, even though I am not Angus Og."

The young man was as good as his word. Before long he had safely landed "muckle cod," as Kenneth called it. He then handed over the line to the boy; but he caught only a few codlings.

The sun sank down in the west, and it was time for them to go home. Very happily they trudged over the heather, the young man still whistling the same tune.

The "muckle cod" was cooked, and it was a merry party that sat down to supper. At the end of the meal Kenneth's friend rose and bowed to Mrs. Campbell. "Not only for your perfect hospitality do I thank you, madam," he said, "but also for your perfect cooking."

"You must try to persuade our kind hostess," said Captain O'Neill, "to come and superintend the kitchen at Versailles."

"At Versailles! No," cried the other; "she shall reign at St. James's, when we come to our own."

With round wondering eyes Kenneth saw his mother curtsy deep and kiss the hand of the young man. "Your Royal Highness," she said, "there is no woman on earth so proud as I will be this day."

With a rush Kenneth's mind grasped the meaning of this day of wonders. He sprang to his feet and cried out, loud and shrill, "Then I will be knowing it now. He is the Prince, and he is Angus Og!"

Kenneth knelt before the Prince, who laid his hand gently on the boy's head. "I thank you, my friend," he said. "I shall not forget you when I come to my own."

Kenneth's sleep was very sound that night, and, when he awoke, it was to find his mother bending over him.

"Where is he?" he asked.

A tear dropped from his mother's eye as she replied, "Our Prince will be gone at the dawning. He left you this, Kenneth."

Kenneth looked up, and his mother laid beside him a hunting-knife, silver inlaid. "He said it was for his friend," she whispered. "He said you were a sportsman such as his heart held dear, and he said that he gave you his thanks for a happy day."

Prince Charlie, as we know, never came to his own. But even now he rules over the hearts of men.

Kenneth Campbell never forgot him. He would often speak to his grandchildren of the wonderful stranger, and they marvelled at his words. "He says such strange things," they told each other. "He says Angus Og will be coming again to his own one day, when the night has set for sorrow and the golden dawn is in the sky."

From "The Victory Readers." —Jean Lang.

ADMIRALS ALL

Effingham, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake,
  Here's to the bold and free!
Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake,
  Hail to the Kings of the Sea!

Admirals all, for England's sake,
Honor be yours and fame!
And honor, as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson's peerless name!
Admirals all, for England's sake,
Honor be yours and fame!
And honor, as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson's peerless name!

Essex was fretting in Cadiz Bay
With the galleons fair in sight;
Howard at last must give him his way,
And the word was passed to fight.
Never was schoolboy gayer than he,
Since holidays first began;
He tossed his bonnet to wind and sea,
And under the guns he ran.

Fifteen sail were the Dutchmen bold,
Duncan he had but two:
But he anchored them fast where the Texel shoaled,
And his colors aloft he flew.
"I've taken the depth to a fathom," he cried,
"And I'll sink with a right good will,
For I know when we're all of us under the tide,
My flag will be fluttering still."

Admirals all, they said their say
(The echoes are ringing still),
Admirals all, they went their way
To the haven under the hill,

But they left us a kingdom none can take,
The realm of the circling sea,
To be ruled by the rightful sons of Blake
And the Rodneys yet to be.
Admirals all, for England's sake,
Honor be yours and fame!
And honor, as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson's peerless name!

—Sir Henry Newbolt.

By permission of the Author.

THE FIRST ENGLISH SINGER

On one of the dark, rugged cliffs that jut out into the sea from the eastern part of England, stood, many centuries ago, the monastery of Whitby. At this time the people of England were still very ignorant. Only the monks and nuns knew how to read or write. The rest of the people were either warriors, or else simple-minded shepherds and farmers.

In this monastery lived a servant whose duty it was to attend to the sheep and cattle. In the evenings, very often, his companions were in the habit of gathering together in the common hall or banquet room. There it was the custom, while the feast was going on, for each one in turn to take the harp as it was passed around the table, and make up some simple song to entertain his friends. Although these people knew nothing about reading or writing, they were wonderfully clever at singing songs and accompanying themselves on the harp.

Only the herdsman who attended to the sheep and cattle,

and whose name was Cædmon, could never sing. So whenever the feasting time came, and his comrades began to pass the harp from one to another, he, being ashamed of his lack of skill, would leave the banquet hall to go alone to the little house where he slept.

One night, after he had left his comrades, and had attended to all the wants of the cattle under his care, he, as usual, went to sleep, and in his sleep he had a wonderful dream. He dreamed that to his door came a beautiful youth, with a light shining about his head, who said to him, "Cædmon, sing for me." Cædmon answered, "But thou knowest I cannot sing. That is why I left my companions in the banquet hall and came here to my lonely hut." "Try," said the beautiful youth, "and thou shalt find that thou canst sing." Then Cædmon in wonder asked, "What shall I sing about?" — "Sing of the beauty of the world, and the glory of the stars and the skies, and of all that is on the earth," was the answer.

Then in his sleep Cædmon sang a beautiful song, just as the youth had commanded him. But the strangest thing was that, when he awoke, he remembered every word of the song, and not only that, but he found he could sing a song about any thought that came into his mind; whereas, formerly, he had never been able to sing at all.

Wonderful, indeed, all this seemed to the humble shepherd. He told his companions about his dream, and they led him to the abbess, who was chief in the monastery, and bade him sing his songs for her.

So he sang. All the wise monks came to hear him, and tears came into their eyes at the beauty of his song; for

when he sang, the sky and the earth and the sea these men had known all their lives seemed suddenly to be filled with a new glory. They all said that Cædmon had received a wonderful gift from God, and that he must use it in a holy way.

From that day on some one else guarded the sheep and the cattle in the monastery of Whitby; and the former

Ruins of Whitby Abbey

shepherd learned to read and write, and became one of the monks of the abbey. Many and beautiful and holy were the songs he wrote. They were written in Anglo-Saxon, the language spoken by the ancestors of the English people, and this simple shepherd, Cædmon, who was the first of the Anglo-Saxon poets, was therefore really the father of all English poetry.

— Grace H. Kupfer.

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THE COLORS OF THE FLAG

What is the blue on our flag, boys?
The waves of the boundless sea,
Where our vessels ride in their tameless pride,
And the feet of the winds are free;
From the sun and smiles of the coral isles
To the ice of the South and North,
With dauntless tread through tempests dread
The guardian ships go forth.

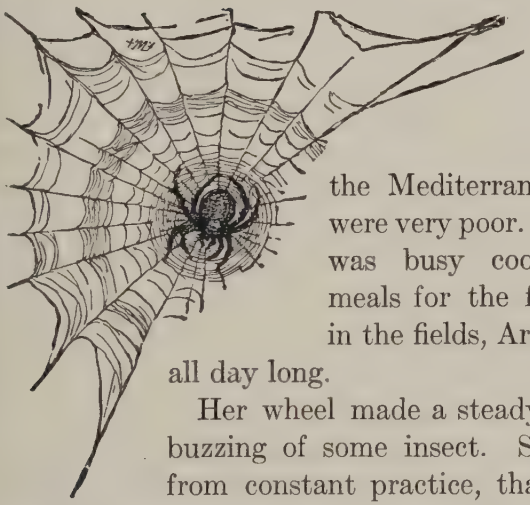
What is the white on our flag, boys?
The honor of our land,
Which burns in our sight like a beacon light
And stands while the hills shall stand;
Yea, dearer than fame is our land's great name,
And we fight, wherever we be,
For the mothers and wives that pray for the lives
Of the brave hearts over the sea.

What is the red on our flag, boys?
The blood of our heroes slain
On the burning sands in the wild waste lands
And the froth of the purple main;
And it cries to God from the crimsoned sod
And the crest of the waves outrolled,
That He send us men to fight again
As our fathers fought of old.

We'll stand by the dear old flag, boys,
Whatever be said or done,
Though the shots come fast, as we face the blast,
And the foe be ten to one —

Though our only reward be the thrust of a sword
And a bullet in heart or brain.
What matters one gone, if the flag float on,
And Britain be Lord of the main!

—Canon F. G. Scott.



ARACHNE

Arachne lived in a small village on the shores of the Mediterranean. Her parents were very poor. While her mother was busy cooking the simple meals for the family, or working in the fields, Arachne used to spin all day long.

Her wheel made a steady whirring like the buzzing of some insect. She grew so skilful from constant practice, that the threads she drew out were almost as fine as the mists that rose from the sea near by. The neighbors used to hint sometimes that such fine-spun threads were rather useless, and that it might be better if Arachne would help her mother more and spin less.

One day Arachne's father, who was a fisherman, came home with his baskets full of little shell-fish, which were of a bright crimson or purple color. He thought the color of the little fish so pretty that he tried the experiment of

dyeing Arachne's wools with them. The result was the most vivid hue that had ever been seen in any kind of woven fabric. This was the color which was afterward called Tyrian purple; or sometimes it was called royal purple, because kings liked to wear it.

After this Arachne's tapestries always showed some touch of the new color. They now found a ready sale, and, in fact, soon became famous.

Arachne's family changed their little cottage for a much larger house. Her mother had not to work in the fields any more, nor was her father any longer obliged to go out in his boat to catch fish.

Arachne herself became as famous as her tapestries. She heard admiring words on every side, and soon her head was a little turned by them. When, as often happened, people praised the beautiful color that had been produced by the little shell-fish, she did not tell how her father had helped her, but took all the credit to herself.

While she was weaving, a group of people often stood behind her loom, watching the pictures grow. One day she overheard some one say that even the great goddess Minerva, the patron goddess of spinning and weaving, could not weave more beautiful tapestries than this plain fisherman's daughter. This was a very foolish thing to say, but Arachne thought it was true. She heard another say that Arachne wove so beautifully that she must have been taught by Minerva herself.

Now, the truth is that Minerva had taught Arachne. It was Minerva who had sent the little shell-fish to those

coasts; and although she never allowed herself to be seen, she often stood behind the girl and guided her shuttle.

But Arachne, never having seen the goddess, thought she owed everything to herself alone, and began to boast of her skill. One day she said, "People say that I can weave quite as well as, if not better than, the goddess Minerva. I should like to have a weaving match with her; then it would be seen which could do best."

These wicked words had hardly left Arachne's mouth before she heard the sound of a crutch on the floor. Turning to look behind her, she saw a feeble old woman in a rusty gray cloak. The woman's eyes were as gray as her cloak, and strangely bright and clear for one so old. She leaned heavily on her crutch, and, when she spoke, her voice was cracked and weak.

"I am many years older than you," she said. "Take my advice. Ask Minerva's pardon for your ungrateful words. If you are truly sorry, she will forgive you."

Now Arachne had never been very respectful to old persons, particularly when they wore rusty cloaks, and she was very angry at being reproved by this one.

"Don't advise me," she said; "go and advise your own children. I shall say and do what I please."

At this an angry light came into the old woman's gray eyes; her crutch suddenly changed to a shining lance; she dropped her cloak; and there stood the goddess herself. Arachne's face grew very red and then very white, but still she would not ask Minerva's pardon. Instead, she said that she was ready for the weaving match.

So two weaving-frames were brought in and were attached

to one of the beams overhead. Then Minerva and foolish Arachne stood side by side, and each began to weave a piece of tapestry.

As Minerva wove, her tapestry began to show pictures of mortals who had been foolhardy and boastful, like Arachne, and who had been punished by the gods. It was meant for a kindly warning to Arachne.

But Arachne would not heed the warning. She wove into her tapestry pictures representing certain foolish things that the gods of Olympus had done. This was very disrespectful, and so displeased Minerva that, when Arachne's tapestry was finished, she tore it to pieces.

Arachne was frightened now, but it was too late. Minerva suddenly struck her on the forehead with her shuttle. Then Arachne shrank to a little creature no larger than one's thumb. "Since you think yourself so very skilful in spinning and weaving," said Minerva, "you shall do nothing else but spin and weave all your life."

Upon this, Arachne in her new shape ran quickly into the first dark corner that she could find. She was now obliged to earn her living by spinning webs of exceeding fineness, in which she caught many flies, just as her father had caught fish in his nets. She was called the Spinner.

The children of this first little spinner have become very numerous; but their old name of "spinner" has been changed to that of "spider," and their delicate webs often cover the grass on a morning when the day is to be fine.

— Lilian Stoughton Hyde.

From "Favorite Greek Myths"
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THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the north-east;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"—
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That savèd she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown seaweed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

— Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE UNKNOWN PAINTER

Murillo, the celebrated artist of Seville, often found on the canvas of one and another of his pupils unfinished sketches bearing marks of rich genius. They were executed during the night, and he was utterly unable to conjecture who was the author.

One morning the pupils had arrived at the studio before him and were grouped before an easel, uttering exclamations

SPANISH PEASANT BOYS

Murillo

of surprise, when Murillo entered. His astonishment was equal to theirs on finding an unfinished head of the Virgin, of exquisite outline, with many touches of surpassing beauty. He appealed first to one and then to another of the young gentlemen, to see if any one of them would lay claim to it; but each replied with a sorrowful negative. "He who has left this drawing will one day be master of us all," said Murillo.

"Sebastian," said he to a youthful slave who stood trembling by, "who occupies this studio at night?"

"No one but myself, signor."

"Well, take your station here to-night; and if you do not inform me of the mysterious visitant to this room, thirty lashes shall be your punishment on the morrow."

The slave bowed in quiet submission and retired.

That night he threw his mattress before the easel and slept soundly until the clock struck three. He then sprang from his couch and exclaimed, "Three hours are my own; the rest are my master's!" He seized a brush and took his seat at the frame, to erase the work of the preceding night. With brush in hand, he paused before making the fatal stroke. "I cannot, oh, I cannot erase it!" said he; "rather let me finish it!"

He went to work; a little coloring here, a touch there, then a soft shade; and thus three hours rolled unheeded by. A slight noise caused him to look up. Murillo with

his pupils stood around; the sunshine was peering brightly through the casement while yet his taper burned. Again he was a slave. His eyes fell beneath their eager gaze.

"Who is your master, Sebastian?"

"You, signor."

"Your drawing-master, I mean?"

"You, signor."

"I have never given you lessons."

"No, but you gave them to these young gentlemen, and I heard them."

"Yes, and you have done better; you have profited by them."

Turning to his pupils, he then said, "Does this boy deserve punishment, or reward, my dear pupils?"

"Reward, signor," was the quick response.

"What shall it be?"

One suggested a suit of clothes, another a sum of money, but no chord was touched in the captive's bosom. One said, "The master feels kindly to-day; ask your freedom, Sebastian."

He sank on his knees, and lifted his eyes to his master's face, "The freedom of my father!"

Murillo was touched, and said, "Your pencil shows that you have talent; your request, that you have a heart. You are no longer my slave, but my son. Happy Murillo! I have not only painted; I have made a painter."

There may still be seen in classic Italy many beautiful specimens from the pencils of Murillo and Sebastian.

— Selected.

A RIDE FOR LIFE

Away off towards the swamp, which they were avoiding, the long, heart-chilling cry of a mother wolf quavered on the still night air. In spite of herself, Mrs. Murray shivered, and the boys looked at each other. "There is only one," said Ranald in a low voice to Don, but they both knew that where the she-wolf is there is a pack not far off. "And we will be through the bush in five minutes."

"Come, Ranald! Come away, you can talk to Don any time. Good night, Don." And so saying she headed her pony towards the clearing and was off at a gallop, and Ranald, shaking his head at his friend, ejaculated: "Man alive! what do you think of that?" and was off after the pony.

Together they entered the bush. The road was well beaten and the horses were keen to go, so that, before many minutes were over, they were half through the bush. Ranald's spirits rose, and he began to take some interest in his companion's observations upon the beauty of the lights and shadows falling across their path.

"Look at that very dark shadow from the spruce there, Ranald," she cried, pointing to a deep, black turn in the road. For answer there came from behind them the long, mournful hunting-cry of the wolf. He was on their track. Immediately it was answered by a chorus of howls from the bush on the swamp side, but still far away. There was no need of command; the pony sprang forward with a snort, and the colt followed, and after a few minutes' running, passed her.

"Whow-oo-oo-oo-ow," rose the long cry of the pursuer, summoning help, and drawing nearer.

"Whw-ee-wow," came the shorter, sharper answer from the swamp, but much nearer than before and more in front. They were trying to head off their prey.

Ranald tugged at his colt till he got him back with the pony. "It is a good road," he said, quietly; "you can let the pony go. I will follow you." He swung in behind the pony, who was now running for dear life and snorting with terror at every jump.

"God preserve us!" said Ranald to himself. He had caught sight of a dark form as it darted through the gleam of light in front.

"What did you say, Ranald?" The voice was quiet and clear.

"It is a great pony to run," said Ranald, ashamed of himself.

"Is she not?"

Ranald glanced over his shoulder. Down the road, running with silent, awful swiftness, he saw the long, low body of the leading wolf flashing through the bars of moonlight across the road, and the pack following hard.

"Let her go, Mrs. Murray," cried Ranald. "Whip her and never stop." But there was no need; the pony was wild with fear and was doing her best running.

Ranald meantime was gradually holding in the colt, and the pony drew away rapidly. But as rapidly the wolves were closing in behind him. They were not more than a hundred yards away, and gaining every second. Ranald, remembering the suspicious nature of the brutes,

loosened his coat and dropped it on the road; with a chorus of yelps they paused, then threw themselves upon it, and in another minute took up the chase.

But now the clearing was in sight. The pony was far ahead, and Ranald shook out his colt with a yell. He was none too soon, for the pursuing pack, now uttering short, shrill yelps, were close at the colt's heels. Lizette, fleet as the wind, could not shake them off. Closer and ever closer they came, snapping and snarling. Ranald could see them over his shoulder. A hundred yards and more and he would reach his own back lane. The leader of the pack seemed to feel that his chances were slipping swiftly away. With a spurt he gained upon Lizette, reached the saddle-girths, gathered himself into two short jumps, and sprang for the colt's throat. Instinctively Ranald stood up in his stirrups, and, kicking his foot free, caught the wolf under the jaw. The brute fell with a howl under the colt's feet, and next moment they were in the lane and safe.

The savage brutes, discouraged by their leader's fall, slowed down their fierce pursuit, and hearing the deep bay of the Macdonalds' great deer-hound, Bugle, up at the house, they paused, sniffed the air a few minutes, then turned and swiftly and silently slid into the dark shadows. Ranald, knowing that they would hardly dare enter the lane, checked the colt, and wheeling, watched them disappear.

"I'll have some of your hides some day," he cried, shaking his fist after them. He hated to be made to run.

He had hardly set the colt's face homeward, when he heard something tearing down the lane to meet him. The

colt snorted, swerved, and then, dropping his ears stood still. It was Bugle, and after him came Mrs. Murray on the pony.

"Oh, Ranald!" she panted, "thank God you are safe. I was afraid you — you —" Her voice broke in sobs. Her hood had fallen back from her white face, and her eyes were shining like two stars. She laid her hand on Ranald's arm, and her voice grew steady as she said: "Thank God, my boy, and thank you with all my heart. You risked your life for mine. You are a brave fellow! I can never forget this!"

"Oh, pshaw!" said Ranald, awkwardly. "You are better stuff than I am. You came back with Bugle. And I knew Liz could beat the pony." Then they walked their horses quietly to the stable, and nothing more was said by either of them; but from that hour Ranald had a friend ready to offer her life for him, though he did not know it then nor till years afterwards.

— Ralph Connor.

From "The Man from Glengarry."

THE LIVING LINE

March, 1918

As long as faith and freedom last,
And earth goes round the sun,
This stands — The British line held fast
And so the fight was won.

The greatest fight that ever yet
Brought all the world to dearth;
A fight of two great nations set
To battle for the earth.

And one was there with blood aflame
To make the earth his tool;
And one was there in freedom's name
That mercy still should rule.

It was a line, a living line
Of Britain's gallant youth
That fought the Prussian one to nine
And saved the world for ruth.

That bleeding line, that falling fence,
That stubborn ebbing wave,
That string of suffering human sense,
Shuddered, but never gave.

A living line of human flesh,
It quivered like a brain;
Swarm after swarm came on afresh
And crashed, but crashed in vain.

Outnumbered by the mightiest foe
That ever sought to put
The world in chains, they met the blow
And fought him foot by foot.

They fought his masses, falling back,
They poured their blood like wine,
And never once the vast attack
Smashed through that living line.

It held, it held, while all the world
Looked on with strangled breath;
It held; again, again it hurl'd
Man's memory to death.

Bleeding and sleepless, dazed and spent,
And bending like a bow,
Backward the lads of Britain went,
Their faces to the blow.

And day went by, and night came in,
And when the moon was gone
Murder burst out with fiercer din,
And still the fight went on.

Day after day, night after night,
Outnumbered nine to one,
In agony that none may write
Those young men held the Hun.

And this is their abiding praise
No future shall undo:
Not once in all those staggering days
The avalanche broke thro'.

Retreat, retreat, yea, still retreat,
But fighting one to nine,
Just knowing there was no defeat
If they but held the line.

Ah, never yet did men more true
Or souls more finely wrought
From Creçy down to Waterloo
Fight as these young men fought;

On whose great hearts the fate of all
Mankind was poised that hour
Which saw the Prussian War God fall
And Christ restored to pow'r.

The world shall tell how they stood fast,
And how the fight was won,
As long as faith and freedom last
And earth goes round the sun.

— Harold Begbie.

By kind permission of the Author.

THE SOWER AND THE SEED

The same day went Jesus out of the house, and sat by the sea side. And great multitudes were gathered together unto him, so that he went into a ship, and sat; and the whole multitude stood on the shore. And he spake many things unto them in parables, saying, Behold, a sower went forth to sow; and when he sowed, some seeds fell by the way side, and the fowls came and devoured them up: some fell upon

stony places, where they had not much earth: and forthwith they sprung up, because they had no deepness of earth: and when the sun was up, they were scorched; and because they had no root they withered away. And some fell among thorns; and the thorns sprung up, and choked them. But others fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit, some an hundredfold, some sixtyfold, some thirtyfold. Who hath ears to hear, let him hear.

— Bible: *Matt. xiii.*

A MEETING IN THE RAIN

"Get out o' Mr. Fletcher's road, ye idle little —"

"Vagabond," I think the woman (Sally Watkins, once my nurse) was going to say, but she changed her mind.

My father and I both glanced round, and the lad she had spoken to turned, fixed his eyes on each of us for a moment in turn, and then made way for us. Ragged, muddy, and miserable as he was, the poor boy looked anything but a "vagabond."

"Thee need not go into the wet, my lad. Keep close to the wall, and there will be shelter enough both for us and thee," said my father kindly, as he pulled my little hand-carriage into the alley, under cover from the pelting rain.

The lad, with a grateful look, put out a hand likewise, and helped to push my carriage farther in. A strong hand it was — rough and brown — though he was scarcely as old as I. What would I not have given to have been so stalwart and so tall!

Sally called from her house door, "Wouldn't Master Phineas come in and sit by the fire a bit?" But it was always a trouble to me to move or walk; besides, I wanted to look again at the stranger lad; so we thanked her, but stayed where we were.

The boy had scarcely stirred, but remained leaning against the wall. He took little or no notice of us, but kept his eyes fixed on the pavement, watching the raindrops, which, each as it fell, threw up a little mist of spray. It was a serious, thin face for a boy of only fourteen or so.

"The rain will be over soon," I said, but doubted if he heard me. What could he be thinking of so intently?

"Twenty-three minutes lost by this shower," said my father. "Phineas, my son, how am I to get thee safe home? Perhaps thee wilt go with me to the tanyard —"

I shook my head. It was very hard for Abel Fletcher to have for his only child such a sickly creature as I, now, at sixteen, as helpless and as useless to him as a baby.

"Well, well, I must find some one to go home with thee."

"Here, Sally — Sally Watkins! do any o' thy lads want to earn an honest penny?"

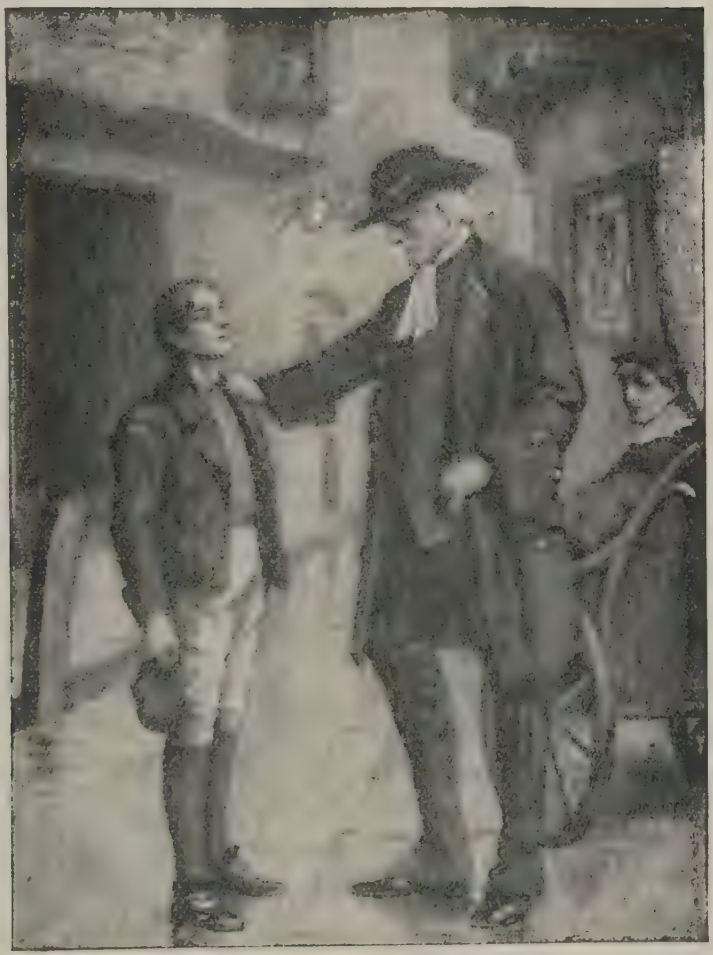
Sally was for the moment out of earshot; but I noticed that when the lad near us heard my father's words, the color rushed over his face, and he started forward.

"Father!" I whispered. But here the boy said, —

"Sir, I want work; may I earn a penny?"

He spoke in good English — different from our coarse drawl; and taking off his tattered old cap, looked right up into my father's face. The old man scanned him closely.

"What is thy name, lad?"



Abel Fletcher and John Halifax

"John Halifax."

"Where dost thee come from?"

"Cornwall."

"Hast thee any parents living?"

"No."

"How old might thee be, John Halifax?"

"Fourteen, sir."

"Thee art used to work?"

"Yes."

"What sort of work?"

"Anything that I can get to do."

"Well," said my father, after a pause, "thee shall take my son home, and I'll give thee a groat. Let me see; — art thee a lad to be trusted?" And he held him at arm's length, regarding him with eyes that were the terror of all the rogues in our town of Norton Bury.

John Halifax neither answered nor dropped his eyes.

"Lad, shall I give thee the groat now?" my father went on after a pause.

"Not till I've earned it, sir."

Then, drawing his hand back, my father slipped the money into mine, and left us.

It still rained slightly, so we remained under cover. John Halifax leaned in his old place, and did not attempt to talk. Once only, when the draught through the alley made me shiver, he pulled my cloak round me carefully.

"You are not very strong, I'm afraid?"

"No."

Then he stood idly looking up at the opposite house — the mayor's — with its steps and portico, and its fourteen

windows, one of which was open, while a cluster of little heads was visible there.

The mayor's children seemed to derive much amusement from watching us shivering shelterers from the rain.

Just at this minute another came to the window, a somewhat older child: I had met her with the rest; she was only a visitor. She looked at us, then disappeared. Soon after, we saw the front door half opened, and an evident struggle taking place behind it; we even heard loud words across the narrow street.

"I *will* — I say I *will*."

"You shan't, Miss Ursula."

"But I will!"

The door suddenly opened, and there stood the little girl, with a loaf in one hand and a carving-knife in the other. She succeeded in cutting off a large slice, and holding it out.

"Take it, poor boy; you look so hungry. Do take it." But the servant forced her in, and the door was shut upon a sharp cry.

It made John Halifax start and look up at the nursery window, which was likewise closed. We heard nothing more. After a minute he crossed the street and picked up the slice of bread. But it was a long time before he ate a morsel; when he did so, it was quietly and slowly, looking very thoughtful all the while.

As soon as the rain ceased, we took our way home, down the High Street, towards the Abbey Church — he guiding my carriage along in silence.

"How strong you are!" said I, sighing, when, with a

sudden pull, he had saved me from being overturned by a horseman riding past. "So tall and so strong."

"Am I? Well, I shall want my strength."

"How?"

"To earn my living."

"What have you worked at lately?"

"Anything I could get, for I have never learned a trade."

"Would you like to learn one?"

He hesitated a minute, as if weighing his speech. "Once I thought I should like to be what my father was."

"What was he?"

"A scholar and a gentleman."

"Then, perhaps," I said, after a pause, "you would not like to follow a trade?"

"Yes, I should. What would it matter to me? My father was a gentleman."

"And your mother?"

Then he turned suddenly round, his cheeks hot, his lips quivering: "She is dead."

"Have you been up and down the country much?" I said, to change the painful subject.

"A great deal — these last three years; doing a hand's turn as best I could in hop-picking, apple-gathering, harvesting; only this summer I had typhus fever, and could not work."

"What did you do then?"

"I lay in a barn till I got well. I'm quite well now; you need not be afraid."

"No, indeed; I had never thought of that."

We soon became quite sociable together. He guided

me carefully out of the town into the Abbey walk, flecked with sunshine through overhanging trees. Once he stopped to pick up for me the large brown fan of a horse-chestnut leaf.

"It's pretty, isn't it? — only it shows that autumn is come."

"And how shall you live in the winter, when there is no out-of-door work to be had?"

"I don't know."

The lad's countenance fell, and the hungry, weary look returned more painfully than ever.

"Ah!" I cried eagerly, when we left the shade of the Abbey trees and crossed the street, "here we are, at home!"

"Are you?" The homeless lad just glanced at it — the flight of spotless stone steps, guarded by iron railings, which led to my father's respectable and handsome door. "Good-day, then — which means good-bye."

"Not good-bye just yet!" said I, trying painfully to disengage myself from my little carriage and mount the steps. John Halifax came to my aid.

"Suppose you let me carry you. I could — and — it would be great fun, you know."

He tried to turn it into a jest, so as not to hurt me; but the tremble in his voice was as tender as any woman's — tenderer than any woman's I was ever used to hear. I put my arms round his neck; he lifted me safely and carefully, and set me at my own door. Then with another good-bye he again turned to go.

I cried out after him. What I said, I do not remember, but it caused him to return.

"Don't call me 'sir'; I am only a boy like yourself. I want you; don't go yet. Ah! here comes my father!"

John Halifax stood aside and touched his cap as the old man passed.

"So here thee be; hast thou taken care of my son? Did he give thee thy groat, my lad?"

We had neither of us once thought of the money.

When I said this my father laughed, called John an honest lad, and began searching in his pocket for some larger coin. I ventured to draw his ear down and whisper something — but I got no answer; meanwhile, John Halifax for the third time was going away.

"Stop, lad — I forget thy name — here is thy groat, and a shilling added, for being kind to my son."

"Thank you, but I don't want payment for kindness."

He kept the groat and put back the shilling into my father's hand.

"Eh!" said the old man, much astonished, "thee'rt an odd lad; but I can't stay talking with thee. — Come in to dinner, Phineas. — I say," turning back to John Halifax with a sudden thought, "art thee hungry?"

"Very hungry." Nature gave way at last, and great tears came into the poor lad's eyes. "Nearly starving."

"Bless me! then get in, and have thy dinner. But first" — and my father held him by the shoulder — "thee art a decent lad, come of decent parents?"

"Yes," almost indignantly.

"Thee works for thy living?"

"I do, whenever I can get work."

"Thee hast never been in jail?"

"No!" said the lad with a furious look. "I don't want your dinner, sir; I would have stayed, because your son asked me, and he was civil to me, and I liked him. Now I think I had better go. Good-day, sir."

I caught him by the hand and would not let him go.

"There, get in, lads — make no more ado," said Abel Fletcher sharply, as he disappeared.

So I brought him into my father's house.

—Dinah Mulock Craik.

From "John Halifax, Gentleman."

HEIDI

High on the Alps there once lived an old man all alone. His hut stood on a jutting cliff, exposed to wind and sun alike and overlooking the beautiful valley below. Back of the hut grew tall pine trees, large and old, with thick, untrimmed branches. Beyond, the mountains rose up to gray, rocky peaks that towered into the sky.

The old man had placed a bench on the side of his hut towards the valley. Here he sat resting one day, when suddenly he saw a little girl running towards him.

"Good morning, Grandfather," she said. "I am Heidi, and I have come to stay with you. My aunt has shown me the way up the mountain."

"Well, well, what does this mean?" said the old man. He held out his hand to the little girl and gave her a long look from under his bushy eyebrows. The child stood before him patiently waiting, with her hands folded behind her back.

"What would you like to do?" asked the grandfather kindly, after he had recovered from his surprise.

"I should like to go into the hut and see what you have there," answered the little girl.

"Take up your bundle then and come!"

Heidi followed her grandfather into the one room of the little house. There was a bed in the corner, a table, one chair, and a door that opened into a closet.

Heidi looked carefully about the room. Her bright eyes seemed to see everything at a glance.

"Where shall I sleep, Grandfather?" she asked.

"Where you like," was his answer.

This pleased the child. She ran about looking into every nook and corner. Near her grandfather's bed was a ladder which led to the loft. Up climbed Heidi and found herself in a little room half filled with fragrant hay. Through a small, round window she could see for miles across the valley below.

"I shall sleep here," she cried. "Oh, it is beautiful. Come up, Grandfather, and see how beautiful it is." Then she ran busily about and piled the hay in a neat little bed by the window.

"Now, I have my bed made," she called down, "and I need sheets and a cover."

"Well, well," said the old man, who was really pleased. With his arms full of bedclothes, he climbed the ladder and helped Heidi make a comfortable bed. The head was piled high with hay, and so placed that one could look from it straight through the round window.

The little girl looked on with admiration. "How I wish

it were night so that I could lie down!" she exclaimed.

"We had better have something to eat first," said her grandfather. "What do you say?"

All at once Heidi felt very hungry, and she answered heartily, "I think so, too."

Soon a bright fire was burning in the open fireplace, and the kettle boiled merrily. The old man put a piece of cheese on a long, iron fork, and held it over the coals until it was a golden yellow on all sides. Heidi ran to the cupboard, where she had seen the bread and the dishes. When her grandfather came with the toasted cheese and the cup

of tea, the table was nicely laid with the loaf of bread in the middle.

"You can think what to do without being told," said the old man, "and that is good." Then he filled a bowl with goat's milk for Heidi and spread her bread thickly with hot cheese. The child grasped the bowl and drank without stopping.

"I never tasted such good milk," she said.

"Then you must have more," and the grandfather filled the little bowl to the brim. When they had finished their dinner, the old man put everything in order in the hut and in the goat's house. Heidi followed him, observing very closely all that he did.

"She knows what she sees; her eyes are in the right place," said the old man to himself.

As evening came on, the wind began to sigh through the great pine trees. It sounded so beautiful to Heidi that she ran out of the hut and began to skip and dance about. Suddenly a whistle sounded, and down from the mountains came the goats with Peter, the goatherd. Two beautiful, slender goats, one white and one brown, came running out of the flock. They went to the old man and licked his hands. Heidi stroked them gently.

"Are they ours, Grandfather?" she asked. "Will they go into our shed? Will they always stay with us? May I play with them?"

"Yes, yes, child," answered her grandfather, as he fed them with salt. "Now, Heidi," he added, "get your bowl, and I will fill it with fresh goat's milk. Then you must eat your supper and go to bed. Go and sleep soundly."

Very soon Heidi said good night to her grandfather and to the goats. She climbed the ladder and was soon fast asleep on her bed of fragrant hay.

During the night the wind howled and roared, and made the little hut tremble. The old man arose, saying to himself, "The child will be afraid." He went to Heidi's bedside. There she lay fast asleep. She must have been dreaming pleasant dreams, for a look of happiness was on her little face. The grandfather stood for a long time, looking down at the sleeping child. Then he turned and went down the ladder.

When Heidi open her eyes the next morning, the sun was shining in through the little round window of her room. She dressed quickly and went out in front of the hut. There was Peter, with his flock of goats, ready to go up the mountain.

"Would you like to go to the pasture with Peter and the goats?" asked her grandfather.

The child danced with delight. "Then eat your breakfast and be ready. You must be clean, or the sun will laugh at you," said the old man, as he went into the hut to prepare the lunch.

The two children went merrily up the mountain. During the night the wind had blown the last clouds away. The sky was deep blue, and in the centre stood the bright sun, sparkling upon the green Alps. Heidi ran hither and thither and shouted with joy. The mountain path led through great patches of fine, red primroses. Yonder it glistened all blue with the beautiful gentians, and everywhere laughed and nodded the tender-leaved, yellow rock-

roses. In her delight over all the glittering, nodding blossoms, Heidi even forgot the goats and Peter, too. Now here and now yonder shone the red and yellow, and enticed the child in every direction.

So Peter had to look on all sides, and his round eyes, that did not move quickly from one thing to another, had more work than they could well manage. The goats also ran here and there, and the boy whistled and called and swung his staff to drive all the runaways together.

"Where are you, Heidi?" he called.

"Here," answered the child, not stirring from her seat among the blossoms.

"Come here," shouted Peter. "We have still a long way to climb. We must go on."

Higher and higher they climbed, until they came to the green grass where the goats usually pasture for the day. Peter threw himself on the ground to rest. The goats pushed their way into the bushes to find the sweet herbs that grew among the rocks.

Heidi sat down on the grass and looked about her. Far below lay the valley in the bright morning sunshine. In front a great, wide field of snow rose up towards the deep blue heavens, and a high tower of rocks seemed to look sternly down upon her.

Far and wide was a great, deep stillness; only the wind passed softly and lightly over the tender bluebells and the yellow, beaming rock-roses. Heidi drank in the golden sunlight, the fresh air, the tender perfume of the flowers, and wished for nothing better than to remain in all this beauty forever.

For a long time she sat gazing at the rocks — so long that the lofty crags seemed to have faces and to be looking down at her like old friends. She heard the great eagle screaming in the air, and saw him flying in wide circles to his nest.

Suddenly, at Peter's whistle, the goats came jumping down the mountain. Heidi sprang up and ran towards them. She saw that the grandfather's goats, Little Swan and Little Bear, as they were called, were the finest in the flock.

"Of course they are," Peter said, "for the grandfather feeds them salt and washes them and has the best shed to keep them in." Peter knew each goat by name and could tell all its curious ways, perhaps because he had so little else to remember.

The white goat was milked for the noonday meal, and the children set out their bread and cheese upon the grass. Away bounded the goats again, climbing the rocky heights. After lunch, Heidi wandered about, picking the beautiful mountain blossoms.

And so the day passed, until the sun was beginning to sink down behind the mountains. Suddenly all the grass became golden, and the rocks above began to flash with rosy lights.

"Oh, look, Peter," shouted the child. "All the mountains are burning! Look at the rocks! See the beautiful snow! Everything is on fire."

"It is always so," answered Peter, good-naturedly; "but it is not fire."

"What is it then?" cried Heidi, as she sprang here and

there, for she could not see enough, it was so beautiful on all sides. "Oh, look!" she cried out again. "See the lovely rosy snow! and on the rocks above are ever so many roses. Now they are turning gray; now they are gone."

"It will be just the same to-morrow," said Peter. "Come, we must go home now."

Peter whistled and called the goats together, and they started down the mountain. Heidi was silent, until she reached the hut and saw her grandfather sitting under the fir tree.

"Oh, Grandfather, the mountains are beautiful," she called out, even before she had reached him. "I saw the fire and the roses on the cliffs, and the blue and yellow flowers." Then she asked about the fire which she had seen at sunset.

"It is the sunshine," the grandfather explained. "When the sun says good night to the mountains, he throws his most beautiful beams across them, so that they may not forget that he is coming back in the morning."

This pleased the little girl, and she could hardly wait for the morrow to come, so that she could go to the pasture again and see the sun bid good night to the mountains. But first she must go to sleep; and she slept soundly the whole night long on her bed of hay, dreaming of bright, shining mountains, in the midst of which the goats merrily ran and jumped.

— Johanna Spyri.

'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents from shore to shore
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

THE WALKER OF THE SNOW

Speed on, speed on, good Master!
The camp lies far away;
We must cross the haunted valley
Before the close of day.

How the snow-blight came upon me
I will tell you as I go, —
The blight of the Shadow-hunter,
Who walks the midnight snow.

To the cold December heaven
Came the pale moon and the stars,
As the yellow sun was sinking
Behind the purple bars.

The snow was deeply drifted
Upon the ridges drear,
That lay for miles around me
And the camps for which we steer.

'Twas silent on the hillside,
And by the solemn wood,
No sound of life or motion
To break the solitude,

Save the wailing of the moose-bird
With a plaintive note and low,
And the skating of the red leaf
Upon the frozen snow.

And said I: "Though dark is falling,
And far the camp must be,
Yet my heart it would be lightsome
If I had but company."

And then I sang and shouted,
Keeping measure, as I sped,
To the harp-twang of the snow-shoe
As it sprang beneath my tread.

Nor far into the valley
Had I dipped upon my way,
When a dusky figure joined me,
In a capuchon of gray,

Bending upon the snow-shoes,
With a long and limber stride;
And I hailed the dusky stranger
As we travelled side by side.

But no token of communion
Gave he by word or look,
And the fear-chill fell upon me
At the crossing of the brook.

For I saw by the sickly moonlight
As I followed, bending low,
That the walking of the stranger
Left no footmarks on the snow.

Then the fear-chill gathered o'er me,
Like a shroud around me cast,
As I sank upon the snow-drift
Where the Shadow-hunter passed.

And the otter-trappers found me,
  Before the break of day,
With my dark hair blanched and whitened
  As the snow in which I lay.

But they spoke not as they raised me;
  For they knew that in the night
I had seen the Shadow-hunter,
  And had withered in his blight.

Sancta Maria speed us!
  The sun is fallen low, —
Before us lies the valley
  Of the Walker of the Snow!

— Charles Dawson Shanly.

BILLY TOPSAIL

From the very beginning it was certain that Billy Topsail would have adventures. He was a fisherman's son, born at Ruddy Cove, which is a fishing harbor on the bleak north-east coast of Newfoundland. All Newfoundland boys have adventures, but not all Newfoundland boys survive them. And there came in the course of the day's work and play, to Billy Topsail, many adventures.

The first — the first real adventure — came by reason of a gust of wind and his own dog. It was not strange that a gust of wind should overturn Billy Topsail's punt, but that old Skipper should turn troublesome was an event the most unexpected.

Skipper was a Newfoundland dog with black and white hair, short, straight and wiry, and broad, ample shoulders. He was heavy, awkward, and ugly, resembling somewhat a great draft-horse. But he pulled with a will, fended for himself, and, within the knowledge of men, had never stolen a fish, so that he had a high place in the hearts of all the people of the Cove and a safe one in their estimation.

"Skipper! Skipper! Here, boy!"

The ringing call in the voice of Billy Topsail never failed to bring the dog from the kitchen with an eager rush, when the snow lay deep on the rocks, and all the paths of the wilderness were ready for the sled. He stood stock still for the harness and at the first "Hi, boy! Gee up there!" he bounded away with a wagging tail and a glad bark. It was as if nothing pleased him so much on a frosty morning as the prospect of a hard day's work.

If the call came in summer time, when Skipper was dozing in the cool shadow of a flake — a platform of boughs for drying fish — he scrambled to his feet and ran to where young Billy waited. If Billy's call meant sport in the water, Skipper would paw the ground and whine, until the stick was flung out for him. But, best of all, he loved to dive for stones.

At the peep of many a day, too, he went out in the punt to the fishing grounds with Billy Topsail, and there kept the lad good company all the day long. It was because he sat on the little cuddy in the bow, as if keeping a lookout ahead, that he was called Skipper.

"It is a clever dog, that!" was Billy's boast. "He would save life — that dog would."

This was proved beyond doubt when little Tommy Goodman toddled over the wharf-head, where he had been playing. Tommy was four years old and would surely have been drowned, had not Skipper strolled down the wharf just at that moment.

Skipper was obedient to the instinct of all Newfoundland dogs to drag the sons of men from the water. He plunged in and caught Tommy by the collar of his pinafore. Still following his instinct, he kept the child's head above water with powerful strokes of his fore paws, while he towed him to shore. Then the outcry which Tommy immediately set up brought his mother to complete the rescue.

For this deed Skipper was petted for a day and a half and fed with fried fish and salt pork, to his evident satisfaction. No doubt he was persuaded that he had acted worthily. However that be, he continued in merry moods, in affectionate behavior, in honesty — although the fish were even then drying on the flakes, all exposed.

"Skipper," Billy Topsail would ejaculate, "you *are* a clever dog."

One day in the spring of the year, when high winds rise suddenly from the land, Billy Topsail was fishing from the punt, the *Never Give Up*. It was "fish weather," as the Ruddy Cove men say — gray, cold, and misty. The harbor entrance lay two miles to the south-west. Thicker weather threatened, and the day was far spent.

"It is time to be off home, boy," said Billy to the dog. "It is getting thick in the south-west."

Skipper stretched himself and wagged his tail. He

Sir Edwin Landseer

A Distinguished Member of the Royal Humane Society

had no word to say, but Billy, who, like all fishermen in remote places, had formed the habit of talking to himself, supplied the answer.

"It is that, Billy, boy," said he. "The punt is as much as one hand can manage in a fair wind."

Then Billy said a word for himself: "We'll put in for ballast. The punt is too light for a gale."

He sculled the punt to a little cove and there loaded her with rocks. By this time two other punts were under way, and the sails of the skiff were fluttering as her crew prepared to be at home for the night. The *Never Give Up* was ahead of the fleet, and held her lead in such fine fashion as made Billy Topsail's heart swell with pride.

The wind had gained in force. It was sweeping down from the hills in gusts. Now it fell to a breeze, and again it came swiftly with angry strength. "We'll fetch the harbor on the next tack," Billy muttered to Skipper, who was whining in the bow.

A gust caught the sails, the ballast of the *Never Give Up* shifted, and she toppled over. Boy and dog were thrown into the sea. Billy dived to escape entanglement with the rigging of the boat. He had long ago learned the lesson that presence of mind wins half the fight in dangerous accidents. The coward miserably perishes where the brave man survives.

He looked about for the punt. She had been heavily weighted with ballast, and he feared for her. What was he to do, if she had been too heavily weighted? Even as he looked, she sank. She had righted under water; the tip of the mast was the last he saw of her.

The sea — cold, fretful, vast — lay all about him. The coast was half a mile distant, the punts out to sea were beating towards him and could make no greater speed. He had to choose between the punts and the rocks.

A whine — with a strange note in it — attracted his attention. The big dog had caught sight of him and was beating the water in a frantic effort to approach quickly. But the dog had never whined like that before. "Hi, Skipper!" Billy called. "Steady, boy! Steady!"

Billy took off his boots as fast as he could. The dog was coming nearer, still whining strangely and madly pawing the water. Billy was mystified. What possessed the dog? It was as if he had been seized with a fit of terror. Was he afraid of drowning? His eyes were fairly flaring. Such a light had never been in them before.

It was terror he saw in them; there could be no doubt about that. The dog was afraid for his life. At once Billy was filled with dread. He could not crush the feeling down. Afraid of Skipper — the old affectionate Skipper — his own dog, which he had reared from a puppy! It was absurd. But he was afraid, nevertheless — and he was desperately afraid. "Back, boy!" he cried. "Get back, sir!"

It chanced that Billy Topsail was a strong swimmer. He had learned to swim where the water is cold — cold, often, as the icebergs can make it. The water was bitter cold now, but he did not fear it, nor did he doubt that he could accomplish the long swim which lay before him. It was the strange behavior of the dog which disturbed him — his failure in obedience, which could not be explained. "Back, sir!" Billy screamed. "Get back with you!"

Billy raised his hand as if to strike him — a threatening gesture which had sent Skipper home with his tail between his legs many a time. But it had no effect now. "Get back!" Billy screamed again. It was plain that the dog was not to be bidden. Billy threw himself on his back, supported himself with his hands and kicked at the dog with his feet.

Skipper was blinded by the splashing. He whined and held back. Then blindly he came again. Billy moved slowly from him, head foremost, still churning the water with his feet. But, swimming thus, he was no match for the dog. Skipper forged after him. Soon he was so close that the lad could no longer move his feet freely. Then the dog chanced to catch one foot with his paw and forced it under. Billy could not beat him off.

No longer opposed, the dog crept up, paw over paw, forcing the boy's body lower and lower. His object was clear to Billy. Skipper, frenzied by terror, the boy thought, would try to save himself by climbing on his shoulders. "Skipper!" he cried, "you'll drown me! Get back!"

Then there seemed to be but one thing to do. He took a long breath and let himself sink — down — down — as deep as he dared. Down — down — until he retained breath sufficient but to strike to the right and rise again.

The dog — as it was made known later — rose as high as he could force himself and looked about in every direction, with his mouth open and his ears cocked. He gave two sharp barks, like sobs, and a long mournful whine. Then, as if acting upon sudden thought, he dived.

For a moment nothing was to be seen either of boy or

dog. There was nothing but a choppy sea in that place. Men who were watching thought that both had followed the *Never Give Up* to the bottom.

Billy knew that his situation was desperate. He would rise, he was sure, but only to renew the struggle. How long he could keep the dog off he could not tell. Until the punts came down to his aid? He thought not. He came to the surface prepared to dive again. But Skipper had disappeared. An ejaculation of thanksgiving was yet on the boy's lips, when the dog's black head rose and moved swiftly towards him. Billy had a start of ten yards — or something more.

He turned on his side and set off at top speed. There was no better swimmer among the lads of the harbor. Was he a match for a powerful Newfoundland dog? It was soon evident that he was not. Skipper gained rapidly. Billy felt a paw strike his foot. He put more strength into his strokes. The dog was upon him now, pawing his back. Billy could not sustain the weight. To escape, that he might take up the fight in another way, he dived again.

The dog was waiting when Billy came up — waiting eagerly, on the alert to continue the chase. "Skipper, old fellow — good old dog!" Billy called in a soothing voice. "Steady, sir! Down, sir — back!" The dog was not to be deceived. He came by turns whining and gasping. He was more excited, more determined than ever. Billy waited for him, and when the dog was within reach, struck him in the face.

Rage seemed suddenly to possess the dog. He held back for a moment, growling fiercely, and then attacked

with a rush. Billy fought as best he could, but the effort was vain; in another moment the dog had laid his heavy paws on his shoulders. The weight was too much for Billy. Down he went, freed himself and struggled to the surface, gasping for breath. It appeared to him now that he had but a moment to live. He felt his self-possession going from him — and at that moment his ears caught the sound of a voice! "Put your arm — "

The voice seemed to come from far away. Before the sentence was completed, the dog's paws were again on Billy's shoulders, and the water stopped the boy's hearing. What were they calling to him? The thought that some helping hand was near inspired him. With this new courage to aid, he dived for the third time. The voice was nearer — clearer — when he came up, and he heard every word.

"Put your arm around his neck," called the voice.

Billy's self-possession returned. He would follow this direction. Skipper swam anxiously to him. It may be that he wondered what this new attitude meant. It may be that he hoped reason had returned to the boy — that at last he would allow himself to be saved. Billy caught the dog by the neck, when he was within arm's length. Skipper wagged his tail and turned about.

There was a brief pause, during which the faithful old dog determined upon the direction he would take. He espied the punts, which had borne down with all speed. Towards them he swam, and there was something of pride in his whine. Billy struck out with his free hand, and soon boy and dog were pulled over the side of the nearest punt.

Through it all, as Billy now knew, the dog had only wanted to save him.

That night Billy Topsail took Skipper aside for a long and confidential talk. "Skipper," said he, "I beg your pardon. You see, I didn't know what it was you wanted. I'm sorry I ever had a hard thought against you. When I thought you only wanted to save yourself, it was Billy Topsail you were thinking of. When I thought you wanted to climb on top of me, it was my collar you wanted to catch. When I thought you wanted to bite me, it was a scolding you were giving me for my foolishness. Skipper, boy, honest, I beg your pardon. Next time I shall know that all a Newfoundland dog wants is half a chance to tow me ashore. And I will give him a whole chance. But, Skipper, don't you think you might have given me a chance to do something for myself?"

At which Skipper wagged his tail.

— Norman Duncan.

He liveth long who liveth well;
All else is life but flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Then fill each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

— Horatio Bonar.

SWEET AND LOW

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
  Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
  Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
  Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
  Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
  Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
  Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

— Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

HUNTING THE CHAMOIS

The most famous wild animal of Switzerland is the chamois. This beautiful and graceful animal lives high up on the hills, and is very shy, and swift to escape from the sound or scent of man. It is a mountain antelope, about the size of a goat. The chamois have taken to these lofty regions, because for hundreds of years they have been eagerly hunted by the Swiss.

He who would hunt the chamois must have a good head and a sure foot. Like the chamois themselves, he must be at home amid rocks and precipices, and must be able to climb where no path seems to be. He must know how to sit perfectly still for hours at a time, watching and waiting for these shy, wary creatures.

There is no finer climber in the Alps than the first-rate chamois hunter. He will make his way up a wall of rock by a path only a few inches wide — a tiny ledge upon which he has barely room to set his feet. Below him falls a precipice, at the foot of which great trees look like tiny shrubs, a broad river is a silver thread, and feeding cattle are mere dots on the Alp meadow.

At last, perhaps, he comes within sight of a band of chamois. There may be five of them; there may be twenty-five. Now he must crawl and creep more carefully than ever, for there stands the sentinel which ever guards a feeding band.

This sentinel is always an old female, a doe of experience. She perches herself on the nearest summit, and watches and sniffs the air continually. Her sight and smell are both of

marvellous keenness. The hunter guards against her sense of sight by keeping behind rocks and ridges, and against her sense of smell by working up-wind, so that the breeze comes from the chamois towards him.

While she guards them, the rest of the herd feed calmly,

and the merry little ones skip and play, and indulge in a thousand antics, chasing each other, butting, leaping, racing to and fro, full of frolic and fun. But the scout never relaxes her watch for a moment. Her head turns to every quarter; her nostrils continually draw in the air. It is she whom the hunter watches, as he creeps within range.

In spite of his utmost care, the old doe is almost certain to discover some sign of his presence. Then is seen a striking sight. She gives a loud, whistling call, and the

others know that it means danger. The merry little kids forsake their gambols, and each runs to its mother and presses closely against her flank. The older ones leap upon boulders and rocks, and gaze eagerly on every hand to discover the intruder. A few moments of watchful hesitation pass, and then, perhaps, a wandering breeze gives them a sniff of tainted air, and they fix upon the direction from which the foe is advancing.

Now follows a marvellous scene — that of a band of chamois in full retreat. The speed and agility of their flight is wonderful. They are faced by a precipice. They skim up it one after the other like swallows. There is no path, no ridge, no ledge; but here and there little knobs of rock jut out from the face of the cliff, and the chamois spring from projection to projection with sureness and skill. Their four feet are sometimes bunched together on a patch of rock not much larger than a man's fist. They vanish with lightning rapidity, and the hunter must turn away in search of another band, for these will not halt until they are far beyond his reach.

A young chamois hunter was once climbing a steep slope in pursuit of a small band of chamois, when he heard a tremendous roaring far above his head. He looked up and saw an avalanche sweeping down upon him. He glanced back, but retreat was impossible. The avalanche would be upon him long before he could reach the foot of the clear, open slope.

He looked up and began to climb again with frenzied haste. A little above, a great rock jutted out from the face of the slope. If he could gain its shelter, it might

break the rush of the avalanche; and he strained every nerve to reach the hollow beneath the outcrop of stone.

Down, down swept the avalanche, and up he climbed, faster and faster. It was a race for life, and, as he flung himself into the shelter of the rock, a great blast of air swept over his head. Had he been two seconds later, the wind would have swept him away to certain death.

To his surprise, he saw that the hollow beneath the rock was already tenanted. A chamois doe and her two kids were crouching there for refuge. He joined them, and at the next moment the tremendous field of snow swept over them and buried them many feet deep. He hoped that the avalanche would pass, but it did not. Hours went by, and still all was black and dark in the hollow beneath the rock. Then he knew that the avalanche had settled over his hiding-place, and that he was buried alive.

He wondered if people would come in search of him. But how could they discover the proper place in which to dig? He remembered that not long before he had been one of a party which had dug for eight days in search of a friend lost under the snow. Their search was in vain, and they had been compelled to abandon their quest.

For a long time he gave no heed to the chamois and her kids close beside him, so filled was he with horror at the thought of the fate which hung over him. Then he heard the doe begin to stamp her hoofs and to make sounds as if she were striking her head against the wall.

She began to scrape with her fore feet, and the noise of her efforts aroused him from the stupor into which he had fallen. He crept towards the place and found that she

was digging a tunnel. A gleam of hope sprang up in his heart. He knew not where to work to make a way out, but perhaps the chamois did.

Man and chamois now worked together, scraping and scraping, the man with his hands and the chamois with her fore feet. Three hours' hard work proved that the instinct of the doe was not wrong. The crust of snow became thinner, and light was seen through it. At last they broke out into the sunshine. They were saved.

The mother doe and her young ones bounded gaily away up the snowy slope, while the mountaineer turned downwards and sought his home, full of gratitude for the wonderful manner in which his life had been preserved.

— John Finnemore.

MAGGIE AND TOM

It was a small family party at Mr. Tulliver's. Cousin Lucy and her mother had just arrived, when Tom and Maggie came in from the garden. The two girls were as unlike each other as a rough, dark, over-grown playful puppy, and a sleek little white kitten. Maggie was dark and looked twice as dark as usual, when she was by the side of Lucy. Off went Maggie's bonnet when she caught sight of her fair little cousin, and over to her she rushed. In return Lucy put up her sweet little rosebud mouth like a gentle little princess to be kissed.

"Oh Lucy," burst out Maggie, after kissing her, "you'll stay with Tom and me, won't you?"

Tom, too, had come up to Lucy. He was glad enough

to see her, but he could only stand and stammer out, "How do you do?" as he reached out his hand.

"Hey-day!" said aunt Glegg in her usual loud voice. "Do little boys and girls come into a room nowadays without taking notice of their uncles and aunts? That wasn't the way when I was a little girl."

"Go and speak to your aunts and uncles, my dears," said Mrs. Tulliver. She wanted to whisper to Maggie a command to go and have her hair brushed.

"Well, and how do you do? I hope you're good children, are you?" said aunt Glegg in the same loud, emphatic way, as she took their hands and kissed their cheeks, much against their desire. "Look up, Tom, look up. Boys should hold their heads up. Look at me now." But Tom only tried to draw his hand away. "Put your hair behind your ears, Maggie, and keep your frock on your shoulders."

Aunt Glegg always spoke to them in a loud, emphatic way. She thought her sister's children were so spoiled they needed somebody to make them feel their duty.

Then it was aunt Pullet's turn. "Well, my dears," said she, as though she pitied them, "you grow wonderfully fast." Then, turning to the mother: "I doubt they'll outgrow their strength. I think the girl has too much hair. I'd have it thinned and cut shorter, sister, if I were you; it isn't good for her health. It's that makes her skin so brown, I shouldn't wonder. Don't you think so, sister Deane?"

"I can't say, I'm sure, sister," said Mrs. Deane, shutting her lips close together and looking at Maggie with a critical eye.

"No, no," said Mr. Tulliver, "the child's healthy enough — there's nothing ails her. But it would be as well if Bessie would have her hair cut, so it would lie smooth."

Poor Maggie felt deeply hurt. A dreadful resolve was forming in her mind, but it was checked by her desire to know whether aunt Deane would let Lucy stay behind when they returned home. After various reasons for refusing, Mrs. Deane appealed to Lucy herself.

"You wouldn't like to stay behind without mother, should you, Lucy?"

"Yes, please, mother," said Lucy, timidly, blushing very pink all over her little neck.

"Well done, Lucy! Let her stay, Mrs. Deane, let her stay," said Mr. Deane.

So it was arranged that Lucy was to remain for a few days.

"Maggie," said Mrs. Tulliver, beckoning Maggie to her and whispering in her ear, "go and get your hair brushed, — do, for shame. I told you not to come in without going to Martha first; you know I did."

"Tom, come out with me," whispered Maggie, pulling his sleeve as she passed him; and Tom followed willingly enough.

"Come upstairs with me, Tom," she whispered, when they were outside the door. "There's something I want to do before dinner." "There's no time to play," said Tom, who wanted nothing to do with anything which might make him late for his dinner.

"Oh yes, there is time for this — *do* come, Tom."

Tom followed Maggie upstairs into her mother's room and saw her go at once to a drawer, from which she took out a large pair of scissors.

"What are they for, Maggie?" said Tom, feeling his curiosity awakened.

Maggie answered by seizing her front locks and cutting them straight across the middle of her forehead.

"Oh, Maggie, Maggie, you'll catch it!" exclaimed Tom; "you'd better not cut any more off."

Snip! went the great scissors again while Tom was speaking; and he could scarcely help feeling it was rather good fun; Maggie would look so queer.

"Here, Tom, cut it behind for me," said Maggie, excited by her own daring and anxious to finish the deed.

"You'll catch it, you know," said Tom, nodding his head and hesitating a little as he took the scissors.

"Never mind — make haste!" said Maggie, giving a little stamp with her foot. Her cheeks were quite flushed.

The black locks were so thick — nothing could be more tempting to a lad who had already tasted the forbidden pleasure of cutting the pony's mane. One grinding snip, and then another and another, and the black locks fell heavily on the floor. Maggie stood cropped in a jagged, uneven manner, but with a sense of clearness and freedom, as if she had emerged from a wood into the open plain.

"Oh, Maggie," said Tom, jumping round her and slapping his knees as he laughed, "oh, my! what a queer thing you look! Look at yourself in the glass, — you look like the idiot we throw our nutshells to at school."

Maggie felt an unexpected pang. She had thought beforehand chiefly of her own deliverance from her teasing hair and teasing remarks about it, and something also of the triumph she should have over her mother and her aunts by

this very decided course of action. She didn't want her hair to look pretty — that was out of the question — she only wanted people to think her a clever little girl, and not to find fault with her. But now, when Tom began to laugh at her and say she was like the idiot, the affair had quite a new aspect. She looked in the glass, and still Tom laughed and clapped his hands, and Maggie's flushed cheeks began to pale and her lips to tremble a little.

"Oh, Maggie, you'll have to go down to dinner directly," said Tom. "Oh my!"

"Don't laugh at me, Tom," said Maggie, in a passionate tone, with an outburst of angry tears, stamping, and giving him a push.

"Now, then, spitfire!" said Tom. "What did you cut it off for, then? I shall go down: I can smell the dinner going in."

He hurried downstairs, but Maggie, as she stood crying before the glass, felt it impossible that she should go down to dinner and endure the severe eyes and severe words of her aunts, while Tom, and Lucy, and Martha, who waited at table, and perhaps her father and her uncles, would laugh at her. If Tom had laughed at her, of course every one else would; and if only she had let her hair alone, she could have sat with Tom and Lucy, and had the apricot-pudding and the custard! What could she do but sob?

"Miss Maggie, you're to come down this minute," said Kezia, entering the room hurriedly. "Lawks! what have you been a-doing? I never saw such a fright!"

"Don't, Kezia," said Maggie, angrily. "Go away!"

"But I tell you, you're to come down, Miss, this minute:

your mother says so," said Kezia, going up to Maggie and taking her by the hand to raise her from the floor.

"Get away, Kezia; I don't want any dinner," said Maggie, resisting Kezia's arm. "I shan't come."

"Oh, well, I can't stay. I've got to wait at dinner," said Kezia, going out again.

"Maggie, you little silly," said Tom, peeping into the room ten minutes after, "why don't you come and have your dinner? There's lots of goodies, and mother says you're to come. What are you crying for, you little spoony?"

Oh, it was dreadful! Tom was so hard and unconcerned; if *he* had been crying on the floor, Maggie would have cried too. And there was the dinner, so nice; and she was *so* hungry. It was very bitter.

But Tom was not altogether hard. He was not inclined to cry and did not feel that Maggie's grief spoiled his prospect of the sweets; but he went and put his head near her, and said in a lower, comforting tone: "Won't you come, then, Maggie? Shall I bring you a bit of pudding when I've had mine? . . . and a custard and things?"

"Ye-e-es," said Maggie, beginning to feel life a little more tolerable.

"Very well," said Tom, going away. But he turned again at the door and said: "But you'd better come, you know there's the dessert."

Maggie's tears had ceased, and she looked reflective as Tom left her. His good-nature had taken off the keenest edge of her suffering.

Slowly she rose from among her scattered locks, and

slowly she made her way downstairs. Then she stood leaning with one shoulder against the frame of the dining-parlor door, peeping in when it was ajar. She saw Tom and Lucy with an empty chair between them, and there were the custards on a side-table, — it was too much. She slipped in and went towards the empty chair. But she had no sooner sat down than she repented and wished herself back again.

Mrs. Tulliver gave a little scream as she saw her, and felt such a "turn" that she dropped the large gravy-spoon into the dish, with the most serious results to the table-cloth, for Kezia had not betrayed the reason of Maggie's refusal to come down, not liking to give her mistress a shock in the moment of carving, and Mrs. Tulliver thought there was nothing worse in question than a fit of perverseness, which was inflicting its own punishment by depriving Maggie of half her dinner.

Mrs. Tulliver's scream made all eyes turn towards the same point as her own, and Maggie's cheeks and ears began to burn, while uncle Glegg, a kind-looking, white-haired old gentleman, said: "Hey-day! what little girl's this — why, I don't know her. Is it some little girl you've picked up in the road, Kezia?"

"Why, she's gone and cut her hair herself," said Mr. Tulliver in an undertone to Mr. Deane, laughing with much enjoyment.

"Why, little miss, you've made yourself look very funny," said uncle Pullet.

"Fie, for shame!" said aunt Glegg, in her loudest, severest tone of reproof. "Little girls who cut their own hair should

be whipped and fed on bread and water — not come and sit down with their aunts and uncles."

"Ay, ay," said uncle Glegg, meaning to give a playful turn to this speech, "she must be sent to jail, I think, and they'll cut the rest of her hair off there, and make it all even."

"She's more like a gypsy than ever," said aunt Pullet, in a pitying tone; "it's very bad luck, sister, that the girl should be so brown — the boy's fair enough."

"She's a naughty child, that'll break her mother's heart," said Mrs. Tulliver, with tears in her eyes.

Maggie seemed to be listening to a chorus of reproach and derision. Her first flush came from anger, which gave her a brief power of defiance, and Tom thought she was braving it out, supported by the recent appearance of the pudding and custard. Under this impression, he whispered: "Oh my! Maggie, I told you you'd catch it." He meant to be friendly, but Maggie felt convinced that Tom was rejoicing in her shame. Her feeble power of defiance left her in an instant, her heart swelled, and, getting up from her chair, she ran to her father, hid her face on his shoulder, and burst out into loud sobbing.

"Come, come, little one, stop crying," said her father, soothingly, putting his arm round her, "never mind; father'll take your part."

Delicious words of tenderness! Maggie never forgot any of these moments when her father "took her part"; she kept them in her heart and thought of them long years after, when every one else said that her father had done very ill by his children.

"How your husband does spoil that child, Bessy!" said Mrs. Glegg, in a loud "aside," to Mrs. Tulliver. "It'll be the ruin of her, if you don't take care. *My* father never brought his children up so, else we should have been a different sort of family to what we are."

Mrs. Tulliver took no notice of her sister's remark, but threw back her cap-strings and dispensed the pudding, in silence.

With the dessert there came relief for Maggie, for the children were told they might have theirs in the summer-house, since the day was so mild, and they scampered out among the budding bushes of the garden with all possible speed.

— George Eliot.

From "The Mill on the Floss."

DEVON MEN

From Bideford to Appledore the meadows lie aglow
With kingcup and buttercup that flout the summer snow;
And crooked-back and silver-head shall mow the grass to-day,
And lasses turn and toss it till it ripen into hay;
For gone are all the careless youth did reap the land of yore,
The lithe men and long men,
The brown men and strong men,
The men that hie from Bideford and ruddy Appledore.

From Bideford and Appledore they swept the sea of old
With cross-bow and falconet to tap the Spaniard's gold;
They sped away with dauntless Drake to traffic on the Main,
To trick the drowsy galleon and loot the treasure train;
For fearless were the gallant hands that pulled the sweeping oar,
The strong men, the free men,
The bold men, the seamen,
The men that sailed from Bideford and ruddy Appledore.

From Bideford and Appledore in craft of subtle gray
Are strong hearts and steady hearts to keep the sea to-day;
So well may fare the garden where the cider-apples bloom,
And summer weaves her color-threads upon a golden loom;
For ready are the tawny hands that guard the Devon shore,
The cool men, the bluff men,
The keen men, the tough men,
The men that hie from Bideford and ruddy Appledore!

— Percy Haselden.

THE MAID OF ECLUSIER

Every French girl loves and reveres the memory of Joan of Arc, the heroic maiden who saved her country when it lay torn and bleeding at the foot of a foreign foe. During the Great War the magic of her name and fame inspired thousands of French girls to deeds of the greatest courage and devotion. Many of them longed and prayed for an

opportunity of serving their stricken land as Joan of Arc had done.

One of these girls was Marcelle Semner, who lived in the little village of Eclusier, which stands on the canalized river Somme, about eight miles from Peronne. She was an orphan and eighteen years of age when the war began.

At nine o'clock on the evening of August 21st, 1914, the Germans in overwhelming numbers fell upon the French, who were holding the line of the Sambre and Meuse to the east and south-east of Charleroi. The onset was terrible, and though many of the French fought most gallantly, they were forced to give way, and, to save themselves from destruction, were obliged to retreat. The little British army, which lay to the west of the French, was now without support, and it, too, was obliged to retire. By the evening

of the 23rd the Allies were hurrying southward all along the line, and the Germans were following them up with great rapidity.

A day later, French soldiers, ragged, weary, and worn with heavy fighting and long marching, came straggling across the drawbridge which spans the Somme at Eclusier. Some seventeen of them were so exhausted that they could go no further. Hardly had the last of their comrades left the village, when the Germans were seen approaching. At once Marcelle ran down to the water-side and raised the bridge. This done, she threw the lever into the water. Without the lever the bridge could not be lowered.

The Germans halted on the bank of the canal. It was too deep to ford, and they had advanced so rapidly that they were a day's march in advance of their pontoon trains. They shouted to Marcelle to lower the bridge; the heroic girl refused to obey and ran off with all speed. Volley after volley was fired at her, but no bullet found its billet. By her prompt and daring act she had held up a whole German army corps for twenty-four hours.

Marcelle now turned her attention to the seventeen Frenchmen who had been left behind. Near the factory in which she worked, there was a shed covering a subterranean passage which led into a mine. During the night she shepherded the men into the passage and covered up the entrance with sacks and heavy casks. Thus hidden, they lay secure until the main body of the Germans had left the village.

Marcelle provided the poor fellows with food and peasant clothing, and one by one she aided them to get away and

reach the French lines. Only one man was now left, and, in a night of heavy rain, she led him forth and piloted him towards a cross-country lane, which would enable him to strike the line of the French retreat. Suddenly she was challenged by a German sentry, who seized her and her companion, and brought them before an officer.

Marcelle and the soldier were closely questioned, and, when the girl was charged with helping her countrymen to escape, she cried boldly, "Yes: I did it for France, and I will do it again and again, so long as I am alive. Do with me what you will. I am an orphan. I have only one mother — France. For her I will gladly die."

She was sentenced to be shot and was taken into a courtyard, where she was blindfolded, and, with her arms tied behind her, was placed with her back to a wall. The firing squad was drawn up, and the officer was about to give the fatal order, "Fire!" when a shell burst in the courtyard. Some French Territorials were now advancing, and Eclusier was under the fire of their guns.

The shell-burst caused the Germans to scatter right and left, and in the confusion Marcelle escaped, and, unperceived, made her way to the subterranean passage. Here she lay, until the French retook the village and released her. Afterwards her knowledge of the surrounding country enabled her to render great service to the army.

It was easy to lose one's way in the marshes of the Somme, and the soldiers frequently went astray. Over and over again Marcelle acted as their guide and led them back to their comrades. While engaged in this work, she was again captured and was removed to the neighboring

village of Frise, where she was confined in the parish church. The brave girl knew that she would soon be shot, but she was still undismayed, still proud to die for France.

Once more, however, she was saved. French guns began to play upon the village, and one of the shells blew a great hole in the wall of the church. When she had recovered from the shock, she clambered out of the hole, and, after a long and dangerous journey, reached the French lines in safety.

You may be sure that the French army was grateful to the girl, who had served her country so devotedly and had faced death so frequently and so nobly. She was mentioned in despatches and was made a member of the Legion of Honor. Some time later in the presence of the finest soldiers of France, the Cross of War was conferred upon her. It was noticed that in the hour of her triumph she was as modest as she was brave.

— *From "The Victory Readers."*

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT

Eastward from Campobello
  Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed;
Three days or more seaward he bore,
  Then, alas! the land wind failed.

Alas! the land wind failed,
  And ice-cold grew the night;
And never more, on sea or shore,
  Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,
The Book was in his hand;
"Do not fear! Heaven is as near,"
He said, "by water as by land!"

In the first watch of the night,
Without a signal's sound,
Out of the sea, mysteriously,
The fleet of Death rose all around.

The moon and the evening star
Were hanging in the shrouds;
Every mast, as it passed,
Seemed to rake the passing clouds.

They grappled with their prize,
At midnight black and cold!
As of a rock was the shock;
Heavily the ground-swell rolled.

Southward through day and dark
They drift in close embrace,
With mist and rain, to the Spanish Main;
Yet there seems no change of place.

Southward, for ever southward,
They drift through dark and day,
And like a dream, in the Gulf Stream
Sinking, vanish all away.

— Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

BLACK BEAUTY'S BREAKING IN

I was now beginning to grow handsome; my coat had grown fine and soft, and was bright black. I had one white foot, and a pretty white star on my forehead. I was thought very handsome. My master would not sell me, until I was four years old; he said lads ought not to work like men, and colts ought not to work like horses, until they were grown up.

When I was four years old Squire Gordon came to look at me. He examined my eyes, my mouth, and my legs; he felt them all down, and then I had to walk and trot and gallop before him. He seemed to like me, and said: "When he has been well broken in, he will do very well." My master said he would break me in himself, as he should not like me to be frightened or hurt; and he lost no time about it, for the next day he began.

Every one may not know what breaking in is, therefore I shall describe it. It means to teach a horse to wear a saddle and bridle, and to carry on his back a man, woman, or child; to go just the way his rider wishes, and to go quietly. Besides this, he has to learn to wear a collar, a crupper, and a breeching, and to stand still whilst they are put on; then to have a cart or a wagon fixed behind him, so that he cannot walk or trot without dragging it after him; and he must go fast or slow, just as his driver wishes. He must never start at what he sees, nor speak to other horses, nor bite, nor kick, nor have any will of his own, but always do his master's will, even though he may be very tired or hungry. But the worst of all is that, when his

Black Beauty

harness is once on, he may neither jump for joy, nor lie down for weariness. So you see this breaking in is a great thing.

I had, of course, long been used to the halter and the headstall, and to be led about in the fields and lanes quietly; but now I was to have a bit and bridle. My master gave me some oats, as usual, and after a great deal of coaxing he got the bit into my mouth and the bridle fixed; but it was a nasty thing!

Those who have never had a bit in their mouths cannot think how bad it feels — a great piece of cold, hard steel as thick as a man's finger to be pushed into one's mouth, between one's teeth and over one's tongue, with the ends coming out at the corner of one's mouth, and held fast there by straps over one's head, under one's throat, round one's nose, and under one's chin, so that no way in the world can one get rid of the nasty, hard thing. It is very bad — yes, very bad! at least I thought so; but I knew my mother always wore one when she went out, and all horses did when they were grown up. And so, what with the nice oats, and what with my master's pats, kind words, and gentle ways, I got to wear my bit and bridle.

Next came the saddle; but that was not half so bad. My master put it on my back very gently, whilst the old workman held my head. He then made the girths fast under my body, patting and talking to me all the time. Then I had a few oats, then a little leading about; and this he did every day, until I began to look for the oats and the saddle. At length, one morning, my master got on my back and rode me round the meadow on the soft

grass. It certainly did feel queer; but I must say I felt rather proud to carry my master, and as he continued to ride me a little every day, I soon became accustomed to it.

The next unpleasant business was putting on the iron shoes. My master went with me to the smith's forge to see that I was not hurt. The blacksmith took my feet in his hand, one after the other, and cut away some of the hoof. It did not pain me, so I stood still on three legs until he had done them all. Then he took a piece of iron the shape of my foot and clapped it on, and drove some nails through the shoe quite into my hoof, so that the shoe was firmly fixed. My feet felt very stiff and heavy, but in time I became used to it.

And now, having come so far, my master went on to break me to harness; there were more new things to wear. First, a stiff, heavy collar just on my neck, and a bridle with great side pieces against my eyes, called blinkers; and blinkers indeed they were, for I could not see on either side, but only straight in front of me. Next, there was a small saddle with an ugly, stiff strap that went right under my tail: that was the crupper. I hated the crupper; to have my long tail doubled up and poked through that strap was almost as bad as the bit. I never felt more like kicking; but, of course, I could not kick such a good master. And so in time I became used to everything and could do my work as well as my mother.

I must not forget to mention one part of my training, which I have always considered a very great advantage. My master sent me for a fortnight to a neighboring farmer, who had a meadow which was skirted on one side by the

railway. Here were some sheep and cows, and I was turned in amongst them. I shall never forget the first train that ran by. I was feeding quietly near the fence which separated the meadow from the railway, when I heard a strange sound at a distance. And before I knew whence it came, with a rush and a clatter, and a puffing out of smoke, a long black train of something flew by, and was gone almost before I could draw my breath. I turned, and galloped to the other side of the meadow as fast as I could go, and there I stood snorting with astonishment and fear.

In the course of the day many other trains went by, some more slowly; these drew up at the station close by, and sometimes made an awful whistle and groan before they stopped. I thought it very dreadful; but the cows went on eating very quietly, and hardly raised their heads as the black, dreadful thing came puffing and groaning past.

For the first few days I could not feed in peace; but as I found that this terrible creature never came into the field or did me any harm, I began to disregard it, and very soon I cared as little about the passing of a train as the cows and sheep did. Since then I have seen many horses much alarmed and restive at the sight or sound of a steam-engine; but, thanks to my good master's care, I am as fearless at railway stations as in my own stable.

My master often drove me in double harness with my mother, because she was steady, and could teach me how to go better than a strange horse. She told me that the better I behaved the better I should be treated, and that it was wisest always to do my best to please my master.

"But," said she, "there are a great many kinds of men. There are good, thoughtful men, like our master, that any horse may be proud to serve; but there are bad, cruel men, who never ought to have a horse or a dog to call their own. Besides, there are a great many foolish men, vain, ignorant, and careless, who never trouble themselves to think. These spoil more horses than all, just for want of sense; they do not mean it, but they do it for all that. I hope you will fall into good hands; but a horse never knows who may buy him or who may drive him — it is all a chance for us; but still I say: Do your best wherever you are, and keep up your good name."

— Anna Sewell.

From "Black Beauty."

THE SUN IN THE WOODS

The sun within the leafy woods
  Is like a midday moon,
So soft upon these solitudes
  Is bent the face of noon.

Loosed from the outside summer blaze
  A few gold arrows stray;
A vagrant brilliance droops or plays
  Through all the dusky day.

The gray trunk feels a touch of light,
  While, where dead leaves are deep,
A gleam of sunshine, golden white,
  Lies like a soul asleep.

And just beyond dank-rooted ferns,
Where darkening hemlocks sigh
And leaves are dim, the bare road burns
Beneath a dazzling sky.

—Ethelwyn Wetherald.

A BOY HERO

On that hot August afternoon in the year 1914 when the British fleets silently disappeared to their secret war stations, every sailor hoped and believed that ere long he would play his part in a North Sea Trafalgar. Weeks lengthened into months, and the hope was still unfulfilled. Nevertheless it was this hope which buoyed up the sailors during the wearisome and monotonous nights and days of watching, and waiting, and battling with the bitter winds and stormy waves of the northern seas.

At last the long-hoped-for opportunity arrived. May 31st, 1916, will be ever memorable in the annals of the British Navy; on that day it fought and won the greatest naval battle of history. It was certainly not such a complete victory as Nelson achieved at the Battle of the Nile, when he sank or captured eleven out of the nineteen ships opposed to him; nor was it as sweeping a triumph as that of Trafalgar, when twenty ships out of forty in the combined fleets of France and Spain either surrendered or were destroyed. Nevertheless it was sufficient, for the German fleet was never seen again upon open waters until that November day, 1918, when it steamed across the North Sea into the Forth and yielded itself to the might of Britain.

JACK CORNWELL, V. C.

In these pages I shall not tell you the story of the great sea-fight, nor recount the exploits of the admirals, captains, and officers engaged in it. I purpose to tell you how a humble boy, who had been at sea only twenty-nine days, proved himself "faithful unto death," and won a renown that can never fade so long as men reverence those who lay down their lives at the call of Duty and Honor.

John Travers Cornwell, the boy hero of the battle of Jutland, was the son of a retired soldier of East Ham, who rejoined the colors when Lord Kitchener called for more men. His mother was a cheerful, courageous woman, who strove hard to maintain the home while her husband was away at the war. Jack Cornwell, the younger of her two sons, attended the Walton Road Schools until he was fourteen, when he went to work as a van boy. His teacher described him as an "ordinary English boy." God grant that all British boys may be as "ordinary" as he!

Though his days were spent in rambling over the streets of London, his one great desire was to be a sailor. His chance came in October, 1915, when he was attracted by the heading of a poster — "Your King and Country need you." Forthwith he made his way to the recruiting office and asked if he could serve in the Navy. As his character was good, and he was recommended by his schoolmaster and his employer, he was enlisted as "Boy, 2nd Class."

For three months he was trained at a naval barracks, and there learnt the elements of seamanship and gunnery. His instructors described him as "a good boy," and he was very popular with his messmates. Quick and ready, and always

spick and span, he was selected for the post of messenger to the commander.

In April, 1916, after completing his course of training, he spent a few days at home with his mother. He had long talks with her and told her all that he had done, and all that he hoped to do. His one great desire was to "get into action and see the Germans beaten." On Easter Monday he was ordered to join His Majesty's cruiser *Chester*, and shortly afterwards his brief but glorious sea life began.

On the afternoon of Tuesday, May 30th, the British Grand Fleet, which included the cruiser *Chester*, left its northern bases in order to make a sweep of the North Sea and bring to action any enemy ships that might be sighted. It was in two divisions. In the rear was Sir John Jellicoe's command, consisting of four squadrons of battleships, three squadrons of cruisers, and three flotillas of destroyers. Some sixty miles or more ahead was the Battle-Cruiser Fleet, under Sir David Beatty. In addition to six cruisers of the latest and fastest type, he had four battleships as well as numerous light cruisers and destroyers.

The sea was as calm as a mill-pond, and loose gray clouds began to overspread the sky. About midday on Wednesday, May 31st, Beatty, having finished his sweep to the south and having nowhere sighted an enemy ship, turned northward to rejoin Sir John Jellicoe. In front of his battle-cruisers extended a screen of light cruisers and destroyers, searching the sea over a wide area. Suddenly, at 2.20, the *Galatea*, on the extreme right wing, sighted some light craft of the enemy away to the eastward.

At once two squadrons made a dash for them, and Beatty turned his battle-cruisers towards the east, so as to engage the enemy. A little later a seaplane was sent up, and the aviator reported that behind the light craft of the enemy he could see five German battle-cruisers. At last the enemy had been discovered in strength. When the news was flashed by wireless to all the ships of the British fleet there was rejoicing everywhere. The Trafalgar so long expected was about to begin.

Beatty was now in contact with the Battle-Cruiser Squadron of Admiral von Hipper. At 3.48, when the fleets were about eleven miles apart, the guns began to thunder. In the course of the fight that followed, he chased Von Hipper southward towards the main German fleet, which consisted of about twenty battleships with a strong force of lighter craft. During this phase of the fight he lost the *Indefatigable* and the *Queen Mary,* and shortly afterwards found himself in touch with the whole German High Seas Fleet, and hopelessly outnumbered.

He now changed his course from south to north, and ran towards Sir John Jellicoe with the whole sea might of Germany tailing after him like hounds. His object in doing this was to coax the Germans within range of Sir John Jellicoe's on-coming fleet, now only some fifty or sixty miles away. Could he do so, the issue of the day would not be in doubt. As he steamed northward, he began a gradual curve to the eastward, so as to force the enemy to steer in the direction of Sir John Jellicoe's advancing fleet.

At 5.50 Sir John Jellicoe's light cruisers were sighted, and six minutes later the vanguard of the British Grand

Fleet, which had been steering for two hours towards the thunder of the guns, could be seen only five miles away. Then Beatty, leading the line in the *Lion*, steered directly east at full speed, in order to get clear away and leave the road open for the Grand Fleet to deploy.

The 3rd Battle-Cruiser Squadron, under Rear-Admiral Hood, led Jellicoe's fleet into action. When Hood saw flashes of fire and heard the sound of guns, he sent off the *Chester* as a scout. Jack Cornwell's great hour had now arrived. Before it was over, he had enrolled himself amongst the bravest of the brave, and in that glorious company he "liveth for evermore."

See him now, standing at the left-hand side of the shield which protects the forward 6-inch gun. He is sight-setter to this gun — an important office for one so young. It is his duty to set the gun to the range telephoned to him from the fire control. This he does by regulating a brass disc close to his hand. Fixed across his head and over his ears is a telepad, which enables him to hear his instructions and at the same time leaves his hands free.

The *Chester* is now within range of the enemy, and a storm of shell sweeps down upon her from three enemy cruisers. Several direct hits are made; tons of metal flying through the air at the rate of 3000 feet a second explode upon her deck with terrible effect. The noise of the guns deafens the ears, the flashes of fire blind the eyes, and the stench of the cordite and burning paint chokes the breath.

Through all this tempest of horror Jack Cornwell stands by his gun, with his hand on the disc, obeying instructions from the fire control. The splinters of a shell come hurtling

through the air, and a comrade falls dead, while another drops to the deck. Another and another of the gun's crew are killed, and then a fragment of shell strikes the young sight-setter. He is mortally wounded, but still he carries on.

In a few minutes there are but three of his mates left. Then comes a shell which bursts right over the gun, and Jack Cornwell finds himself alone and without cover. He has played his part manfully and is fully entitled to creep away, if he can, and receive medical attention below. None will blame him, if he thinks of himself now. But the gun is still capable of firing, and a fresh crew may be told off to man it. His services may be needed at any moment; his duty is not to think of himself, but to stand by and "carry on."

So he does, though the mist of death is blotting out the terrible scene from his eyes. At length, after twenty minutes of awful cannonading, the *Chester* steams out of the fight, battered, bruised, and splintered, but still in fighting trim.

When she returns with the Grand Fleet after the battle has ended and the Germans have sought refuge in flight, she carries with her the dying boy. He is tenderly cared for in hospital, but there is no hope of his recovery. He remains quiet and cheerful to the end. When the matron asks him how the battle has gone, he replies, "Oh, we carried on all right." His last words are a message of love to his mother.

Here is the letter which Captain Lawson of the *Chester* wrote to the sorrowing but proud mother of the young hero: "I know you would wish to hear of the splendid

fortitude and courage shown by your son during the action of 31st May. His devotion to duty was an example for all of us. The wounds which resulted in his death were received in the first few minutes of the action.

"He remained steady at his most exposed post at the gun, waiting for orders. All but two of the ten crew were killed or wounded, and he was the only one who was in such an exposed position. But he felt that he might be needed, and indeed he might have been; so he stayed there, standing and waiting, under heavy fire, with just his own brave heart and God's help to support him.

"I cannot express to you my admiration of the son you have lost from this world. No other comfort would I attempt to give to the mother of so brave a lad, but to assure her of what he was and what he did, and what an example he gave.

"I hope to place in the boys' mess a plate with his name on it and the date, and the words: 'Faithful unto death.' I hope some day you may be able to come and see it there."

The body of this brave boy was buried in a common grave; but when the story of his splendid heroism became known, it was exhumed, and was reinterred with great honor in the Manor Park Cemetery, East Ham. On September 15th, 1916, the newspapers announced that King George had been graciously pleased to bestow upon John Travers Cornwell — Boy, 1st Class — the Victoria Cross, the highest and proudest of all war honors.

—From "The Victory Readers."

Anger and haste hinder good counsel.

THE CROCUS'S SONG

Down in my solitude under the snow,
Where nothing cheering can reach me;
Here, without light to see how to grow,
I'll trust to nature to teach me.

I will not despair, nor be idle, nor frown,
Locked in so gloomy a dwelling;
My leaves shall run up, and my roots shall run down,
While the bud in my bosom is swelling.

Soon as the frost will get out of my bed,
From this cold dungeon to free me,
I will peer up with my little bright head —
All will be joyful to see me.

Then from my heart will young petals diverge
As rays of the sun from their focus;
I from the darkness of earth will emerge,
A happy and beautiful Crocus!

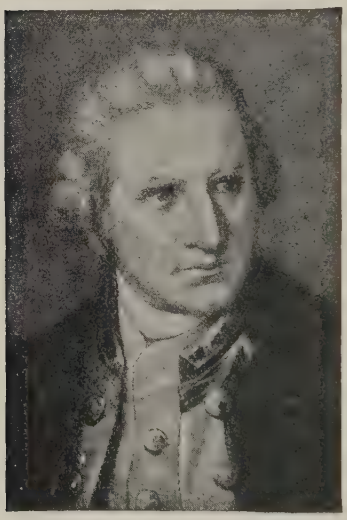
Many, perhaps, from so simple a flower
This little lesson may borrow, —
Patient to-day, through its gloomiest hour,
We come out the brighter to-morrow.

— Hannah Flagg Gould.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

CAPTAIN COOK

In the autumn of 1728, James Cook, who was to become one of the greatest navigators and explorers of the seas, was born in a little mud cottage in Yorkshire, England. His father was a poor farm-laborer, and, as there were nine children in the family, James as a small boy led a very hard life. But, when he was eight years old, his father was promoted to the position of foreman on a large farm owned by a gentleman named Skottowe. This elderly, kind-hearted gentleman soon became interested in the quiet, thoughtful boy. He sent him to school, where he learned to read and to do a little arithmetic, no small accomplishments for the son of a farm-laborer in those days.



Captain Cook

School days, however, did not last long. At the age of twelve, James was apprenticed to a store-keeper in a near-by fishing town. But he was not contented. From the door of the stuffy little grocery store where he worked, he could watch the sea, and it seemed always to be calling him. It is not surprising, therefore, that before long he persuaded his father to apprentice him on board a small vessel employed in carrying coal from Newcastle to London.

He proved to be a good worker and a reliable seaman, and continued with the same firm of ship owners until he reached manhood, finally becoming mate of one of their ships.

At this time England and France were at war. Men were urgently needed for the Navy, but men were impossible to obtain. The service was hard, the food poor, and the punishment for the slightest disobedience was frequently five dozen lashes. Sailors were loath to exchange their comfortable berths in the merchant service for the harsh discipline of the man-o'-war. To obtain men the government was forced to resort to the press gang. Armed bands of bluejackets would be sent ashore, under the command of an officer, with instructions to take forcibly, if necessary, as many men as were needed, wherever they might be found. If a seaman wished to avoid being pressed into the Navy, he had to conceal himself hurriedly, when the news went around that the press gangs were on the lookout.

In 1755, on one of his trips from Newcastle, Cook arrived at the port of London. At once he heard that the press gangs were unusually active, and, to avoid impressment, he hid himself. But, while he lay in hiding, he decided that the right thing for him to do was to volunteer as an able seaman in the Navy. He was accepted and immediately assigned to duty. His knowledge of navigation, his industry, and his cheerful willingness to do whatever work was given to him soon attracted the attention of his superiors. He was promoted rapidly, and, after four years of service, he rose to the rank of master, the highest rank a common sailor could reach.

In 1759, a British fleet was sent to the St. Lawrence,

under the command of Admiral Saunders, to coöperate with the land army under General Wolfe, in the capture of the strong fortress of Quebec. As master of the *Mercury* Cook accompanied the expedition. Immediately he had his chance to distinguish himself. Saunders wished to learn the depths of the river, in order that he might know where to anchor his ships for the coming attack. Cook was selected to take the soundings. The operation had to be done secretly, so as not to arouse the suspicions of the French, and at night, as the two forts of Montmorency and Beaufort were directly opposite where he had to work.

One night, as the daring Englishman was engaged in taking his soundings, a band of Indians, allies of the French, discovered him. He darted towards the Island of Orleans in the middle of the river and leaped on shore, just as the Indians seized the end of his canoe. They were forced to content themselves with the canoe as a trophy instead of his scalp, as he escaped among the trees in the darkness. Fortunately he had already obtained all the information he required, and from this he prepared a chart, which Saunders later used with great advantage in the siege of the city.

Cook's next assignment was the survey of the whole course of the St. Lawrence River below Quebec. His reward for this service was a special grant of fifty pounds. Later he was engaged in surveys of the shores of Newfoundland and Labrador. During the next ten years he studied hard to qualify himself for advancement in the Navy. When he was forty years of age, he was raised to the rank of lieutenant and given command of an expedition to the far-away island of Tahiti. The main purpose of the voyage

was to observe what would happen when the planet Venus passed across the face of the sun, as it was due to do in June, 1768. Cook as a thorough scientist and skilled navigator, was selected for this important duty. After all preparations were made, he and his party set sail in the spring of 1768 in a small vessel, the *Endeavour*. The expedition did not return for three years.

In these three years much was accomplished. Cook discovered and named several new islands in the Pacific Ocean. He sailed around New Zealand, the first man to do so, and carefully charted the coasts. He took possession of Australia in the name of the king of Great Britain. He sailed through the Torres Straits, which separate Australia from New Guinea. He skirted the ice-fields which surround the southern pole. As a reward for his skill and enterprise, on his return to England, he was promoted to the rank of commander.

In the next year, another expedition consisting of two ships, the *Resolution* and the *Adventure*, was sent out, again with Cook in command. Again he was absent for three years, and again much important work was done. He discovered New Caledonia, explored many of the islands of the Pacific, and once more he sailed around the edge of the ice field at the southern pole. He did not venture further exploration there, however. It remained for the daring explorers of the twentieth century, Captain Amundsen and Captain Scott, to reveal the secrets of the ice-bound pole.

Strangely enough for those days, there was but one death among the crews during the time the two ships were away from England. This was in such marked contrast to the

Captain Cook Landing on the Australian Continent

fearful losses suffered by other similar expeditions that it attracted widespread attention. Says one naval writer: "In these days it is difficult to understand the sufferings of British seamen when the Empire was in the making. Scurvy killed more sailor-men than any other sickness, battle, or tempest. For instance, in all the naval battles of the Seven Years' War only about fifteen hundred sailors and marines were killed in battle, but over one hundred and thirty-three thousand died of disease, or were missing, and scurvy was the commonest disease. Whole crews were disabled by scurvy, which is due to the want of fresh food, especially fresh vegetables and fruit." Cook, by his skill and his thoughtfulness in taking care of his men, was able to combat this dread disease, thereby setting an example which bore almost immediate results.

The third and last voyage made by Cook, now a captain, was again to the Pacific Ocean, this time with the special purpose of finding the long-dreamed-of North-West Passage. That such a passage existed was the firm belief of many leading geographers of the day, and it was strongly urged in England that the Hudson's Bay Company should be made to prove the fact on pain of losing its trading privileges. The British government actually offered a reward of £20,000 to whoever should discover the North-West Passage. Cook's instructions were to round Cape Horn and then sail up the west coast of America. From the western Pacific he was to try to find a way through to the Atlantic Ocean.

Cook first reached the west coast of America at a point he named Cape Fairweather. The next day he reached another cape and named it Flattery. A week afterwards

he reached a bay, which he later found was called by the Indians Nootka Sound. Finding a good harbor there, he anchored within a short distance of the shore. In his own account of his voyage he describes Nootka Sound, the adjacent coast, and the native Indians. These were the first words written in English with reference to British Columbia, for Cook was the first British subject to set foot on the shores of this province.

Cook describes the Indians in the following: "We no sooner drew near the inlet than we found the coast to be inhabited and three canoes came off to the ship. In one of these were two men, in another six, and in the third ten. Having come pretty near us, a person in one of the two last stood up and made a long harangue, inviting us to land as we guessed by his gestures. At the same time he kept strewing handfuls of feathers towards us, and some of his companions threw handfuls of red dust or powder in the same manner. The person who performed the office of orator wore the skin of some animal and held in each hand something which rattled as he kept shaking it. After the tumultuous oration had ceased, one of them sung a very agreeable air, with a degree of softness and melody which we could not have expected.

"In a short time the canoes began to come off in great numbers and we had at one time thirty-two of them near the ship, carrying from three to seven persons each, both men and women. Several of these stood up in their canoes, haranguing and making gestures after the manner of our first visitors. One canoe was remarkable for a singular head, which had a bird's eye and bill of an enormous size

painted on it. One Indian, who seemed to be a chief, was no less remarkable for his uncommon appearance, having many feathers hanging from his head and being painted in an extraordinary manner. He held in his hands a carved bird of wood, as large as a pigeon, with which he rattled as the person first mentioned had done."

Cook remained at anchor in Nootka Sound for nearly a month. In that time he interviewed the Indians, visited the Island and the mainland, and made a careful study of the country and its inhabitants. He made as complete a list as possible of the animals from the skins the Indians brought to sell, and he also described the fish and birds and many of the trees of the coast. After this he put to sea again, continuing his voyage to the north. Until severe cold set in, he made a search for the North-West Passage and then decided to spend the winter in the Sandwich Islands.

On February 14th, 1779, the natives, with whom Cook had always been on the most friendly terms, became hostile. Some things had been stolen from his ship, and he had given orders to his crew to watch the natives in their canoes and not let them escape, while he went on shore to interview their king. While he was there, some of his men fired on the natives in the canoes. At once all was excitement, and those on shore surrounded Cook, waving their spears threateningly, but they made no attempt to touch him until he turned to call to his crew to cease firing. When he did this, the influence he had always exerted over them seemed to vanish, and a native, leaping forward, stabbed him in the back. It was a tragic end to such a noble life, but perhaps his work was finished.

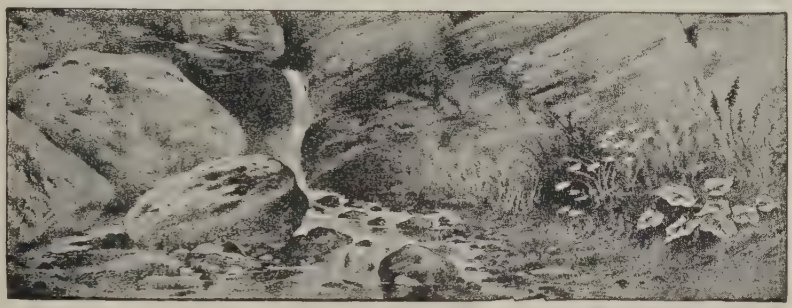
Captain Cook had done much for humanity. He had added three million square miles to the British Empire; he had found the real continent of Australia, where a supposed continent had been; he had found a way for men to keep healthy at sea; and he had surveyed the coast-lines of Newfoundland, Labrador, and the western coast of America and proved it safe for ships to travel there. "His work was thorough, his character just." He was the most humane of men, both with his sailors and with the natives of the islands and countries he had discovered or visited. So greatly was he honored by all peoples that France, while at war with England, gave special orders to her naval commanders that Captain Cook's ship and his sailors were to be treated as those of an ally whenever and wherever they were met.

— Margaret Bemister.

THE BROOK SONG

Little Brook! Little Brook!
You have such a happy look —
Such a very merry manner as you swerve and curve and crook —
And your ripples, one and one,
Reach each other's hands and run,
Like laughing little children in the sun.

Little Brook, sing to me,
Sing about a bumble bee,
That tumbled from a lily-bell, and grumbled mumblingly,
Because he wet the film
Of his wings and had to swim,
While the water-bugs raced round and laughed at him!



Little Brook — sing a song
Of a leaf that sailed along,
Down the golden braided centre of your current swift and strong,
And a dragon-fly that lit
On the tilting rim of it,
And rode away and wasn't scared a bit.

And sing how — oft in glee
Came a truant boy like me,
Who loved to lean and listen to your lilting melody,
Till the gurgle and refrain,
Of your music in his brain,
Wrought a happiness as keen to him as pain.

Little Brook — laugh and leap!
Do not let the dreamer weep:
Sing him all the songs of summer till he sinks in softest sleep;
And then sing soft and low
Through his dreams of long ago —
Sing back to him the rest he used to know!

— James Whitcomb Riley.

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ANTONIO CANOVA

A little more than a century and a half ago, a child was born among the hills of Asola, Italy. His name was Antonio Canova. When he was three years old, his father died, and his mother married again.

The boy went to live with his grandparents, who were very kind to him. Both his father and grandfather were stone-cutters. When Antonio was old enough to learn to draw, his grandfather taught him, for he wanted the lad to be an artist. He used to watch his grandfather carve things out of stone, and it was soon evident that he himself desired to become a sculptor. So his grandfather gave him some tools, and it was not very long before he learned to do good work. When he was eight years old, he carved two shrines of Carrara marble, and it was quite plain that he was a boy of unusual talent.

In the same town lived a man who was wealthy and held a high position in the country. He was a senator. Once in a while he would invite his friends to a grand feast. On

such occasions Antonio's grandfather was sent for to help prepare the food, for he was not only a stone-cutter, but also an excellent cook.

One day some friends of the senator were to dine with him, and Antonio's grandfather was sent for as usual. This time he took the lad with him. Of course a boy so young as he could scarcely be expected to help to cook the dinner. Nevertheless he could be useful. He did not stand around idle. He had been taught to work, and so he tried to be of service in the kitchen in many ways.

While the servants were preparing the dinner, a man who was arranging the table let fall a small marble statue, which was to stand in the centre of it. The statue broke into a number of pieces. Of course, the man was greatly frightened and disturbed. He walked into the kitchen and told the servants what had happened. He said that he did not know what to do, for he had nothing to put in its place. He was afraid that the senator would be disappointed and angry.

As the servants were wondering what might be done, Antonio said to the man, "Perhaps I can make you a statue to take its place."

"What!" said the man in surprise, and with a little scorn in his voice, "What! do you mean to say that you could make another statue? Even if you could, how could you make it before dinner? Only a short time remains in which it must be done." And the man looked at him in doubt.

All the servants begged the man to let Antonio try, and at last he consented.

On the kitchen table there was a huge piece of butter,

forming a large square. Antonio, who had been taught to carve in stone, took a large knife and began to carve the butter. All the servants were soon amazed to see instead of the square of butter a splendid lion. The man who had broken the statue was wild with delight. He lifted the lion on a beautiful platter and placed it at the centre of the table.

When the senator and his guests entered the dining hall, they were surprised to see this strange piece of sculpture. Who could have made such a beautiful work of art, they wondered. And they turned to their host to learn the name of the sculptor. But the senator was just as surprised as they were and knew just as little about it. He called his servant and bade him tell where such an odd and beautiful statue was secured.

"It was made in the kitchen by Antonio, the young grandson of the stone-cutter," said the servant.

The distinguished man and his guests could hardly believe it. As they viewed the lion, they admired the lad's work more and more, and, after they had sat down, Antonio was sent for. A place was made for him at the table, and

so delighted were they with the boy's skill that he really became the guest of honor at the dinner.

The next day the senator invited Antonio to make his home with him. He was so impressed by the boy's skill as a sculptor that he felt he ought to obtain for him the best instructors possible. He was sure that he would develop into a great artist. So Antonio was placed under the direction of Torretto, an excellent sculptor. He studied with him two years. Then he went to Venice and worked under the direction of another famous sculptor, who was a nephew of Torretto's. He made rapid progress and soon became a very fine artist. Many beautiful works were carved by him out of marble, and to-day he is known all over the world. The willingness of the boy to be helpful in the kitchen opened the way for a successful and illustrious career.

— SELECTED.

THE WHITETHROAT

Shy bird of the silver arrows of song,
That cleave our Northern air so clear,
Thy notes prolong, prolong.
I listen, I hear —
"I — love — dear — Canada,
Canada, Canada."

O plumes of the pointed dusky fir,
Screen of a swelling patriot heart.
The copse is all astir
And echoes thy part! . . .

Now willowy reeds tune their silver flutes
As the noise of the day dies down;
And silence strings her lutes,
The Whitethroat to crown.

O bird of the silver arrows of song,
Shy poet of Canada dear,
Thy notes prolong, prolong,
We listen, we hear —
"I — love — dear — Canada,
Canada, Canada."

— Theodore Rand.

WAR DOGS

The Battle of Verdun had been raging for months; Fort Douaumont had been taken, lost, and finally retaken by the French. The Germans still poured against it a terrific rain of shot and shell, and within the battered fortress the guns were disabled, and the ammunition was nearly exhausted. Help was needed and needed at once. Long ago the wireless had been shot to pieces, and the telephones had been destroyed. It was sure death for a man to venture outside, let alone trying to reach the lines behind, where he might secure help.

Still the defenders stood firm, and in their hearts, if not with their lips, over and over they repeated those magic words, "They shall not pass!" But the shells continued to fall in their very midst, and, unless that battery could be silenced, the fort and all the men in it would be lost. What

could be done when no messenger could reach the lines behind?

Suddenly, as the men were straining their eyes almost hopelessly in the direction of those lines, they saw a small, dark speck moving across the fields, stopping only here and there behind a rock to take shelter from the bursting shells. Now and then it dashed wildly over the open fields. But ever straight on towards the fort it came. Swiftly the entrance of the fort was flung open, and in dashed one of the faithful dogs, unhurt. In the wallet, fastened to his collar, was found a message telling that relief was coming. Strapped to his back was a tiny pannier, inside of which were two frightened carrier pigeons. On a slip of paper the commander quickly wrote his message, "Stop the German battery on our left." Then adding any necessary facts as to pointing the guns, he fastened the message to the trembling bird and let it loose. Straight to its home, above shot and shell, flew the pigeon. In a few moments the German battery was silenced, and Douaumont and the brave defenders were saved.

All along the lines, the dogs were busy bearing important messages back and forth from one commander to another, and from one fort to another. Zip, an English bulldog, ran two miles in heavy shell fire and afterwards had to go about with his jaw in splints; but he delivered his message and seemed anxious to get well enough to carry another. One of the other messenger dogs, it is said, carried orders almost continuously for seventy-two hours, hardly stopping to eat or drink; for no war dog would eat or drink anything given him by strangers. The faithful animals were in danger of being

A War Dog with the French Army

taken prisoners, as well as of being struck. Indeed, in one instance a heavy cannon rolled over upon a big mastiff, pinning him there until help came.

When the battle ceased, the dogs sprang from the trenches and searched the fields and woods for wounded men. They could find them much more quickly and with less danger of being seen than any Red Cross man.

In former wars among civilised peoples, the firing had been always upon armed forces, and the guns were silent after each battle to allow both sides to find and care for the wounded soldiers in the field. The Germans, however, used the Red Cross doctors and stretcher-bearers for targets, so that to send them out meant only to add them to the number wounded. But the dogs, creeping among the men, could seldom be seen by the enemy and, besides, were able to find the wounded quicker and more easily. As soon as a dog found an injured soldier, he seized his cap, a button, or a bit of his clothing, and ran back with it to the doctor or a Red Cross nurse, for he would give it to no one else. The stretcher bearers then followed the dog and brought back the wounded man. Often the man might lie in a dense thicket, where no one would think to look for him, but the dog, by his keen sense of smell, or by hearing the deep breaths or some slight sound made by the injured man, would creep in and find him. Sometimes, to attract the attention of an ambulance driver, the dogs would give several short, quick barks; but usually they did their work silently, for if they should bark, the enemy would fire.

Many times a dog would find a man unable to get back to the lines, but not so seriously wounded but that he could

help himself somewhat. In such a case, before running for help, the dog would stand quiet, close to the soldier, and allow him to take the flasks and first-aid bandages from the wallet which was hung about the dog's neck or pinned to the blanket on his back.

Thus, by the help of these faithful friends, the lives of many hundreds of men were saved. Over one hundred were rescued in one night after a battle. A big Newfoundland, named Napoleon, had the credit of saving as many as twenty. One of the men, in speaking of him, said, "Part of his tail has been blown away, and once he was left for dead in No Man's Land, but he is still on the job, working for civilization."

When not fighting or on watch, the men in the trenches used to enjoy the company of the dogs and would teach them to perform all kinds of tricks, the fox terriers proving especially intelligent. The dogs also did good work in keeping the trenches free from rats.

At night, a French sentinel sometimes would crawl through the entanglements on his way to a "listening post" out in No Man's Land. With him went a sentinel dog. The sentinel's purpose was to discover if the enemy were getting ready for a surprise attack. Lying flat on the earth, or crouching in a shell hole, he would listen with bated breath for any tell-tale noises. The dog, listening too, crept along beside him, or stole silently out into the darkness. He could tell, when his master could not, if an enemy were abroad. Making no sound, giving no betraying bark, as soon as he discovered the enemy, the dog would draw near to his master, stand at attention, his ears pricked up, his

hair bristling, his tail wagging as he silently pawed the ground or growled so low that only his master could hear him. If the German soldier attempted to fight, the dog would spring at him and throw him to the ground.

A group of soldiers were on watch one night in one of the front trenches, when all of the dogs suddenly became uneasy, growling low, and growing more and more excited. The soldiers knew their dogs and trusted their warnings, so they telephoned back to the main trenches for help. In less than half an hour an attack was made from the German trenches opposite. Meanwhile, however, reinforcements had arrived for the Allies, which sent the enemy back to their own lines again. How the dogs knew so long before that the attack was coming, whether they could have heard the first faint signs of preparation in the enemy trenches, the soldiers could not tell.

When a front line trench of the enemy was captured, it was the faithful dogs who drew up the many cartloads of ammunition and supplies, and some of the smaller guns. Happy as long as they could help in the fighting, restless and uneasy whenever sent back to the hospitals for treatment or rest, these dogs showed the worth of all the training they had received, as well as a great deal of natural intelligence.

— Selected.

He that is down needs fear no fall;
He that is low, no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

"Homeward Bound" *Somerscales*

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA

E.P.S.
Memorized
N.L.S.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;

And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee!

"O for a soft an
I heard a fair
But give to me
And white wa
And white wave
The good ship
The world of wa
And merry mc

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners,
The wind is piping loud!
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free, —
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

— Allan Cunningham.

AT SCHOOL WITH SHAKESPEARE

The shadow on the dial lies midway between five and six on a sunny July morning in the year of grace 1575. A square-built, active lad of eleven, brown-eyed, chestnut-haired, and rosy-cheeked, with satchel in hand, is about to

step into Henley Street from the house of his father, Master John Shakespeare.

The lad is good to look upon. His hazel eyes are deep and ever changing, one moment twinkling gaily, with fun, the next sad and serious. His forehead is white and high, fitted for great thoughts, and his mouth is sweet as a girl's. It is a face that you will turn again to observe as you pass him by.

As he stands beneath the porch, lithe and trim in doublet and hose, pressing his flat cap on his curls, his face is somewhat clouded, for he finds school a dreary place, and his master's hand very heavy. How sweet, he thinks, to play the truant to-day, to wander by the river-side where the willows droop to the water and the pigeons coo in the branches: where the feathery reeds sway in the summer breeze, and the swans glide by like stately ships!

How delicious it would be, he thinks, to roam in Charlecote's tall woods, where the squirrels are leaping from bough to bough, and the antlered deer stand watchful in the shade! A vision flits across his mind of a mirror-like pool on the Avon where the flat trout lie waiting to be caught! Wood and field and stream attract him like a magnet.

But, better still, how glorious it would be to set off on a twelve-mile walk to Kenilworth, where the great Earl of

Leicester is even now entertaining Her Gracious Majesty Queen Elizabeth with princely pleasures. The boy sighs and recalls with flashing eyes the wondrous scenes which he gazed upon only a week ago [illegible] to the castle to see the revels.

Oh, how wonderful they w[illegible] the drums and the trumpets[illegible] heathen gods, and the ancien[illegible] fairyland itself! But best [illegible] It was by no means the firs[illegible] years ago, when his father w[illegible] London players came to the [illegible] his father took him to the C[illegible]

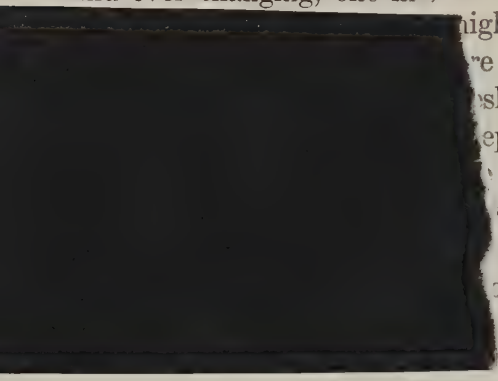
Though he was then little[illegible] forgotten that play. He re[illegible] deep-voiced men, and the cl[illegible] the parts of gentle maide[illegible] remembers that he hung on every word; his eyes were glued to the stage. It was all real to him, as real as the life of the street which he now looks upon. Some day, he thinks to himself, he too will fashion such stirring scenes for the delight of thousands. Yes, this dreamy boy, "creeping like a snail unwillingly to school," will one day become the greatest play-writer that the world has ever seen.

But there is no time now for day dreaming. The hour of six draws nigh, and the school door is open. So, dismissing his wandering thoughts, he turns the corner of Henley Street and passes into High Street. Here he meets his schoolfellows, and the quiet thoroughfare rings with their boyish greetings and rough horse-play. On they

troop, a mischievous throng, to the grammar school hard by the Guild Chapel.

The lads race up the outer staircase into the schoolroom, with its blackening, one [illegible]ms, its wainscotted walls, and small [illegible] high windows. The satchels [illegible]re opened on the rough [illegible]sks, and the boys begin to [illegible]epare their lessons. They [illegible] scarcely completed before [illegible]knocking on the door is [illegible]rd, and stern Master Roche, [illegible]d in a rusty black gown, [illegible]ances to his desk.

[illegible]Master Roche begins by in doublet and hose, pressing h[illegible]ing the exercises, and it is face is somewhat clouded, for long before the sounds place, and his master's hand ve[illegible]veeping are heard. The school[illegible] firmly be[illegible]th Solomon, that he who spares the rod spoils the child. So school is a woeful place, and young Will Shakespeare's mind does not turn gladly to his book. He is dreaming of the plays which he has seen in the Guildhall down below, when he ought to be learning his Latin from Lily's grammar, and working problems in "arethmetike." He will probably feel the master's rod before the day is over.



The morning drags on until nine sounds from the tower of the Guild Chapel, and the boys clatter down the steps for the breakfast half-hour. The school begins again, and continues until half-past eleven, when the boys disperse until one. Morning school has thus lasted a full five hours.

Arriving home for dinner, Will salutes his elders with reverence, says grace, and wishes "much good may your dinner do you." Then he waits on his parents, and, after they have finished, he is free to take his wooden platter and begin his own meal.

Back he goes to school at one, and lessons proceed until three, when half an hour's play is allowed. The boys spend the time in wrestling, scourge — that is, whip top — playing hand-ball, and leaping.

Once more they return to their books and continue their studies until half-past five, when the day's work concludes with a reading from the Bible, the singing of two staves of a psalm, and evening prayer.

'Tis a long business this schooling — nearly ten hours of study, and nothing in all the livelong day to touch the lad's heart and stir his fancy. But out of doors on the Thursday half-holiday things are quite different. Then, the happiest boy in all the world, he roams in the forest or amidst the fields, where

> "Daisies pied and violets blue
> And lady smocks all silver-white,
> And cuckoo buds of yellow hue,
> Do paint the meadow with delight."
>
> — Sir Edward Parrott.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

A LEGEND OF ATHELNEY

Sad the king, and sick and weary,
Reft of all that king may wield,
Seeking 'midst the marshes dreary
Refuge from the stricken field.
Cold the wind, the sedges quiver,
Moaning by the lonely river.

Crownless, homeless, hot-foot flying,
Here he comes in piteous plight;
Overhead, the curlews crying,
Wail the doom of Alfred's might.
Dark the day, the lowering sky
Shows no silver gleam on high.

Scattered are his stalwart yeomen;
Danish Guthrum holds his halls;
Loud the shouts of boasting foemen
Echo round his palace walls.
"Ours," they cry, "these meads and rills,
English bones bleach on the hills."

Racked and worn with painful striving,
All alone in neatherd's shed,
Ever planning and contriving,
Alfred bows his aching head;
While afar his hungry train
Sweep the barren mere in vain.

Lo! he hears a sudden crying,
"Give me food and drink, I pray!"
Straightway to the threshold hieing,

There he sees a beggar gray,
Old and tattered, weak with age,
Shivering in the winter's rage.

Saith the king, "Though lean my larder —
Stoup of wine and loaf of bread,
These be all — yet fate is harder
Unto thy poor hoary head.
Half of all I have is thine —
Half the bread and half the wine."

Thus, his scanty bounty pressing
On his feeble, fainting guest,
Alfred felt a fount of blessing
Swell within his tortured breast.
Cheered, the beggar wends his way
With the dying gleams of day.

Darkness fell, and Alfred slumbered
Till a voice rang in his mind:
"Thou art kingly, thou art numbered
With the pitiful and kind.
Rise! thy henchmen wait thy call;
Thou shalt break the tyrant's thrall.'

Alfred woke; in battle gory
Fiercely strove, and crushed the Dane;
Lived and died that Britain's story
Might its peerless fame attain.
Years a thousand now have fled;
Alfred's spirit is not dead!

— Edward Shirley.

GRACE DARLING

Off the coast of Northumberland, in England, lie a small group of bare rocks known as the Farne Islands. The Longstone is one of the largest of these islands. At one end of it stands the lighthouse, with a cottage attached, where the keeper and his family live. Longstone is the outer light of the group — the inner lights are on Farne. Between them and the coast lies the "Fairway," which is quite safe for ships in good weather.

In the lighthouse cottage on the Longstone lived William Darling with his wife and his daughter Grace. The solitary island was the home of the young girl, and she rarely left it except for brief visits to her relatives. Sometimes for weeks together the family would be shut off entirely

from the mainland, but this bound them only the closer to one another.

Life on the island was not uneventful. Storms were frequent, and over and over again William Darling went out through the stormiest seas to save human life. Grace must have been accustomed to see shipwrecked sailors brought to her home. In the year 1838 she was twenty-two years of age, with a pleasant face, blue eyes, and a shy, shrinking manner. Rather short than otherwise, she was by no means striking in appearance, but her face showed that she had good sense and real kindliness of heart. But, greater than all, she had within her a spirit of love and pity, which enabled her, delicate girl as she was, to brave the dangers of the sea, and, although she had no thought of this, to win undying fame by her splendid heroism.

As the night was beginning to close in, one rough September day in the year 1838, the steamer *Forfarshire* passed through the "Fairway" between the Farne Islands and the coast on her passage northward. A stiff breeze was blowing right in her teeth, and, as she labored in the heavy sea, she sprang a leak. All hands were at the pumps, but still the water rose inch by inch, and their labor was useless. To make matters worse, thick sleet was driving across the sea, the breeze was freshening to a gale, and the murky aspect of the sky foretold a gathering storm.

As the vessel pitched to and fro, the leak became worse and worse. Had the engines been able to work, the crew might have won through; but the boilers were leaking, and no steam could be got up. Further, the helm refused to answer in the heavy sea. The sails, which had been

Grace Darling and Her Father

taken in for fear of the gale, had to be hoisted again. The storm now burst upon the ship in all its fury. The waves surged mountains high, the sleet drove thick and fast, and a dense fog enveloped it on every side. The tide set strongly to the south, and the crippled vessel, wheeling round, drifted helplessly along with it.

Before the morning broke the *Forfarshire* had struck on the rocks. The sea lifted her for a moment and then dashed her down again with such fury that no timber could resist the shock. She broke off sharp amidships, and a swirling eddy swallowed up the stern, while the fore part stuck fast on the rocks.

Before the vessel broke up, some nine or ten of the crew had succeeded in lowering one of the boats and, leaving the ship, were soon lost to sight in the storm. Later they were rescued. The captain and many of the passengers had perished when the stern of the vessel was broken off. Around the windlass on the forecastle some dozen poor wretches clung with the strength of despair, the sea breaking over them every moment. In the cabin a woman with two children in her arms lay in a swoon of terror.

With the first streak of dawn, Grace Darling and her father looked out on the stormy scene. The gale was still blowing and was driving the rain like the lashes of a whip against the lantern of the lighthouse. The sea, which even on the calmest day is never without a surge amongst these rocky islands, was raging fiercely. About a quarter to five Grace saw the dark mass of the wreck looming through the mist, but it was not until over two hours later that she was able to make out a few survivors

perched upon the bows of the vessel and clinging to the wreck.

"O father, there is a wreck upon Harcar rock!" she cried, running into the cottage, "and some of the crew are still alive." "Alas, poor souls, they have not long to live! God help them. The sea will soon suck them down, wreck and all. No human help can reach them in such a storm as this."

William Darling had a brave, stout heart, but his experience told him that his boat could scarcely live in such a sea. Grace knew the peril too, but she was ready to risk her life, if by so doing she could rescue the poor souls whose lives now hung upon so slender a thread. She had never handled an oar except in sport and in the calmest of waters. She was ready, however, to put to sea with her father in the teeth of the gale. She could not bear, she said, to sit with folded hands and see her fellow-creatures perish before her eyes. With God's help, they might still be saved.

The boat was launched, and Grace and her father, each taking an oar, were soon fighting the waves. The boat had many a narrow escape from being dashed on the rocks, but a safe passage was made, and the wreck was approached. Here, however, still greater risks had to be met. Only with the utmost difficulty could the boat be steadied and kept off the rocks. But the strong arms and stout hearts that had carried Grace and her father across the raging waters did not fail them now.

We can imagine the feelings of the shipwrecked people as they watched the little boat being tossed on its way towards them. Now it was all but shattered on a rock.

Now it was almost swallowed by a monstrous wave. Now it was brought to a standstill by the wind. Gradually it drew nearer and nearer, until the amazed castaways could see the calm, brave girl and her gray, weather-beaten father. Several burst into tears; some looked at their rescuers with a stupid stare; others rubbed their eyes to convince themselves that they were not dreaming and that help had really arrived.

There were eight men and one woman on the wreck, and Darling rightly judged that such a company was too great for his boat. He, therefore, took the woman and four of the men on board and turned the boat's head towards the lighthouse. The tide had now turned, but, if the rescued men had not been able to help at the oars, the boat could never have reached the Longstone. After a desperate struggle the rescued were landed, and then Darling, with two of the survivors, returned to the wreck and brought the remainder safely to his home.

Before many days were over, Grace Darling was one of the most famous persons in the land. The story of her brave deed was told all over Europe and America. High and low, rich and poor, united to sing her praises and extol her bravery. The Humane Society voted gold medals to her and to her father. The Government made her a grant of money, and a public subscription was taken up for her benefit. Poems were written in her honor, and artists insisted on painting her portrait. But Grace never lost her shy, shrinking manner and her quiet, good sense. She continued to live in the lonely lighthouse, happy in the knowledge that she had been of use in the world, and

never in the least overrating the deed that had won her fame.

Grace had always been delicate, and, very soon after her famous exploit, she began to show signs of consumption. She died at Bamburgh on October 20th, 1842. She was but twenty-six years of age, and the news of her early death sent a pang of deep sorrow through all who remembered her noble deed.

— *Adapted from* Sir Edward Parrott.

THE SONG OF THE BOW

What of the bow?
The bow was made in England;
Of true wood, of yew wood,
The wood of English bows;
So men who are free
Love the old yew tree
And the land where the yew tree grows.

What of the cord?
The cord was made in England;
A rough cord, a tough cord,
A cord that bowmen love;
And so we shall sing
Of the hempen string
And the land where the cord was wove.

What of the shaft?
The shaft was cut in England;
A long shaft, a strong shaft,
Barbed and trim and true;

So we'll sing all together
To the gray goose feather
And the land where the gray goose flew.

What of the mark?
Ah, seek it not in England;
A bold mark, an old mark
Is waiting oversea.

When the strings harp in chorus
And the lion flag is o'er us,
It is there that our mark will be.

What of the men?
The men were bred in England;
The bowmen — the yeomen,
The lads of dale and fell,
Here's to you — and to you!
To the hearts that are true
And the land where the true hearts dwell.

— Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

ALICE AND THE WHITE QUEEN

Alice ran a little way into the wood and stopped under a large tree. "Here's somebody's shawl being blown away," she said, and she caught it as she spoke, and looked about for the owner; in another moment the White Queen came running wildly through the wood, with both arms stretched out wide, as if she were flying, and Alice very civilly went to meet her with the shawl.

"I'm very glad to be in the way," Alice said, as she helped her to put on the shawl again.

The White Queen only looked at her in a helpless, frightened sort of way, and Alice felt that if there was to be any conversation at all, she must manage it herself. So she began rather timidly: "Am I addressing the White Queen?"

"Well, yes, if you call that a-dressing," the Queen said. "It isn't my notion of the thing, at all."

Alice smiled and said: "If your Majesty will only tell me the right way to begin, I'll do it as well as I can."

"But I don't want it done at all!" groaned the poor

Queen. "I've been a-dressing myself for the last two hours."

It would have been all the better, as it seemed to Alice, if she had got some one else to dress her; she was so dreadfully untidy. "Every single thing's crooked," Alice thought to herself, "and she's all over pins! — May I put your shawl straight for you?" she added aloud.

"I don't know what's the matter with it!" the Queen said in a melancholy voice. "It's out of temper, I think. I've pinned it here, and I've pinned it there, but there's no pleasing it!"

"It can't go straight, you know, if you pin it all on one side," Alice said, as she gently put it right for her; "and, dear me, what a state your hair is in!"

"The brush has got entangled in it!" the Queen said with a sigh. "And I lost the comb yesterday."

Alice carefully released the brush and did her best to get the hair into order. "Come, you look better now!" she said, after altering most of the pins. "But really you should have a lady's-maid!"

"I'm sure I'll take you with pleasure!" the Queen said. "Twopence a week, and jam every other day."

Alice couldn't help laughing, as she said: "I don't want you to hire me — and I don't care for jam."

"It's very good jam," said the Queen.

"Well, I don't want any to-day, at any rate."

"You couldn't have it if you did want it," the Queen said. "The rule is, jam to-morrow and jam yesterday — but never jam to-day."

"It must come sometimes to 'jam to-day,'" Alice objected.

"No, it can't," said the Queen. "It's jam every other day; to-day isn't any other day, you know."

"I don't understand you," said Alice. "It's dreadfully confusing."

"That's the effect of living backwards," the Queen said kindly; "it always makes one a little giddy at first —"

"Living backwards!" Alice repeated in great astonishment. "I never heard of such a thing!"

"— but there's one great advantage in it, that one's memory works both ways."

"I'm sure mine works only one way," Alice remarked. "I can't remember things before they happen."

"It's a poor sort of memory that only works backwards," the Queen remarked.

"What sort of things do you remember best?" Alice ventured to ask.

"Oh, things that happened the week after next," the Queen replied in a careless tone. "For instance, now," she went on, sticking a large piece of plaster on her finger as she spoke, "there's the King's Messenger. He's in prison now, being punished, and the trial doesn't begin till next Wednesday, and of course the trial comes last of all."

"Suppose he never commits the crime?" said Alice.

"That would be all the better, wouldn't it?" the Queen said, as she bound the plaster round her finger with a bit of ribbon.

Alice felt there was no denying that. "Of course it

would be all the better," she said; "but it wouldn't be all the better — his being punished."

"You're wrong there, at any rate," said the Queen. "Were you ever punished?"

"Only for faults," said Alice.

"And you were all the better for it, I know!" the Queen said triumphantly.

"Yes, but then I had done the things I was punished for," said Alice; "that makes all the difference."

"But if you hadn't done them," the Queen said, "that would have been better still; better, and better, and better!" Her voice went higher with each "better," till it got quite to a squeak at last.

Alice was beginning to say, "There's a mistake somewhere —," when the Queen began screaming, so loud that she had to leave the sentence unfinished. "Oh, oh, oh!" shouted the Queen, shaking her hand about as if she wanted to shake it off. "My finger's bleeding! Oh, oh, oh, oh!" Her screams were so exactly like the whistle of a steam engine that Alice had to hold both her hands over her ears.

"What is the matter?" she said, as soon as there was a chance of making herself heard. "Have you pricked your finger?"

"I haven't pricked it yet," the Queen said, "but I soon shall — oh, oh, oh!"

"When do you expect to do it?" Alice asked, feeling very much inclined to laugh.

"When I fasten my shawl again," the poor Queen groaned out; "the brooch will come undone directly. Oh, oh!"

As she said the words the brooch flew open, and the Queen clutched wildly at it and tried to clasp it again.

"Take care!" cried Alice. "You're holding it all crooked!" And she caught at the brooch. But it was too late; the pin had slipped, and the Queen had pricked her finger.

"That accounts for the bleeding, you see," she said to Alice with a smile. "Now you understand the way things happen here."

"But why don't you scream now?" Alice asked, holding her hands ready to put over her ears again.

"Why, I've done all the screaming already," said the Queen. "What would be the good of having it all over again?"

By this time it was getting light. "The crow must have flown away, I think," said Alice. "I'm glad it's gone."

"I wish I could manage to be glad!" the Queen said. "Only I never can remember the rule. You must be very happy, living in this wood, and being glad whenever you like!"

"Only it's so very lonely here!" Alice said in a melancholy voice; and at the thought of her loneliness two large tears came rolling down her cheeks.

"Oh, don't go on like that!" cried the poor Queen, wringing her hands in despair. "Consider what a great girl you are. Consider what a long way you've come to-day. Consider what o'clock it is. Consider anything, only don't cry!"

Alice could not help from laughing at this, even in the

midst of her tears. "Can you keep from crying by considering things?" she asked.

"That's the way it's done," the Queen said with great decision; "nobody can do two things at once, you know. Let's consider your age to begin with — how old are you?"

"I'm seven and a half exactly."

"You needn't say 'exactually,'" the Queen remarked; "I can believe it without that. Now I'll give you something to believe. I'm just one hundred and one, five months, and a day."

"I can't believe that!" said Alice.

"Can't you?" the Queen said in a pitying tone. "Try again; draw a long breath, and shut your eyes."

Alice laughed. "There's no use trying," she said; "one can't believe impossible things."

"I daresay you haven't had much practice," said the Queen. "When I was your age, I always did it for half-an-hour a day. Why, sometimes I've believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast. There goes that shawl again!"

The brooch had come undone as she spoke, and a sudden gust of wind blew the Queen's shawl across a little brook. The Queen spread out her arms again and went flying after it, and this time she succeeded in catching it for herself. "I've got it!" she cried in a triumphant tone. "Now you shall see me pin it on again, all by myself!"

"Then I hope your finger is better now?" Alice said very politely, as she crossed the little brook after the Queen.

— Lewis Carroll.

From "Through the Looking-Glass."

A SUMMER STORM

Last night a storm fell on the world
From height of drouth and heat,
The surly clouds for weeks were furled,
The air could only sway and beat;

The beetles clattered at the blind,
The hawks fell twanging from the sky,
The west unrolled a feathery wind,
And the night fell sullenly.

A storm leaped roaring from its lair,
Like the shadow of doom;
The poignard lightning searched the air,
The thunder ripped the shattered gloom;

The rain came down with a roar like fire,
Full-voiced and clamorous and deep;
The weary world had its heart's desire,
And fell asleep.

And now in the morning early,
The clouds are sailing by;
Clearly, oh! so clearly,
The distant mountains lie.

The wind is very mild and slow,
The clouds obey his will,
They part and part and onwards go,
Travelling together still.

'Tis very sweet to be alive,
On a morning that's so fair,
For nothing seems to stir or strive,
In the unconscious air.

A tawny thrush is in the wood,
Ringing so wild and free;
Only one bird has a blither mood,
The white-throat on the tree.

— Duncan Campbell Scott.

DAVID AND GOLIATH

And Saul and the men of Israel were gathered together, and pitched by the valley of Elah, and set the battle in array against the Philistines.

And the Philistines stood on a mountain on the one side, and Israel stood on a mountain on the other side; and there was a valley between them.

And there went out a champion out of the camp of the Philistines, named Goliath of Gath, whose height was six cubits and a span.

And he had an helmet of brass upon his head; and he was armed with a coat of mail; and the weight of the coat was five thousand shekels of brass.

And he had greaves of brass upon his legs, and a target of brass between his shoulders.

And the staff of his spear was like a weaver's beam; and his spear's head weighed six hundred shekels of iron; and one bearing a shield went before him.

And he stood and cried unto the armies of Israel, and said unto them, Why are ye come out to set your battle in array? am not I a Philistine, and ye servants to Saul? choose you a man for you, and let him come down to me.

If he be able to fight with me, and to kill me, then will we be your servants; but if I prevail against him, and kill him, then shall ye be our servants, and serve us.

And the Philistine said, I defy the armies of Israel this day; give me a man, that we may fight together.

When Saul and all Israel heard those words of the Philistine, they were dismayed, and greatly afraid.

And the three eldest sons of Jesse went and followed Saul to the battle. And David was the youngest and the three eldest followed Saul. And Jesse said unto David his son, Take now for thy brethren an ephah of this parched corn, and these ten loaves, and run to the camp to thy brethren.

And David rose up early in the morning, and left the sheep with a keeper, and took, and went, as Jesse had commanded him; and he came to the trench, as the host was going forth to the fight, and shouted for the battle.

For Israel and the Philistines had put the battle in array, army against army.

And David left his carriage in the hand of the keeper of the carriage, and ran into the army, and came and saluted his brethren.

And as he talked with them, behold, there came up the champion, the Philistine of Gath, Goliath, by name, out of the armies of the Philistines, and spake according to the same words; and David heard them.

And all the men of Israel, when they saw the man, fled from him, and were sore afraid.

And David said to Saul, Let no man's heart fail because of him; thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine.

And Saul said to David, Thou art not able to go up against this Philistine to fight with him; for thou art but a youth, and he a man of war from his youth.

And David said unto Saul, Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion, and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock.

And I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth; and when he arose against me, I caught him by his beard, and smote him, and slew him.

And Saul said unto David, Go, and the Lord be with thee.

And he took his staff in his hand, and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them in a shepherd's bag which he had, even in a scrip; and his sling was in his hand; and he drew near to the Philistine.

And the Philistine came on and drew near unto David; and the man that bare the shield went before him.

And when the Philistine looked about, and saw David; he disdained him: for he was but a youth, and ruddy, and of a fair countenance.

And the Philistine said unto David, Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with staves? And the Philistine cursed David by his gods.

And the Philistine said to David, Come to me, and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field.

Then said David to the Philistine, Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield; but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts.

And David put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone, and slang it, and smote the Philistine in his forehead, that the stone sunk into his forehead; and he fell upon his face to the earth.

So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and with a stone, and smote the Philistine, and slew him; but there was no sword in the hand of David.

Therefore David ran, and stood upon the Philistine, and took his sword, and drew it out of the sheath thereof, and slew him, and cut off his head therewith. And when the Philistines saw their champion was dead, they fled.

—Bible: *1 Sam. xvii.*

THE EAGLE

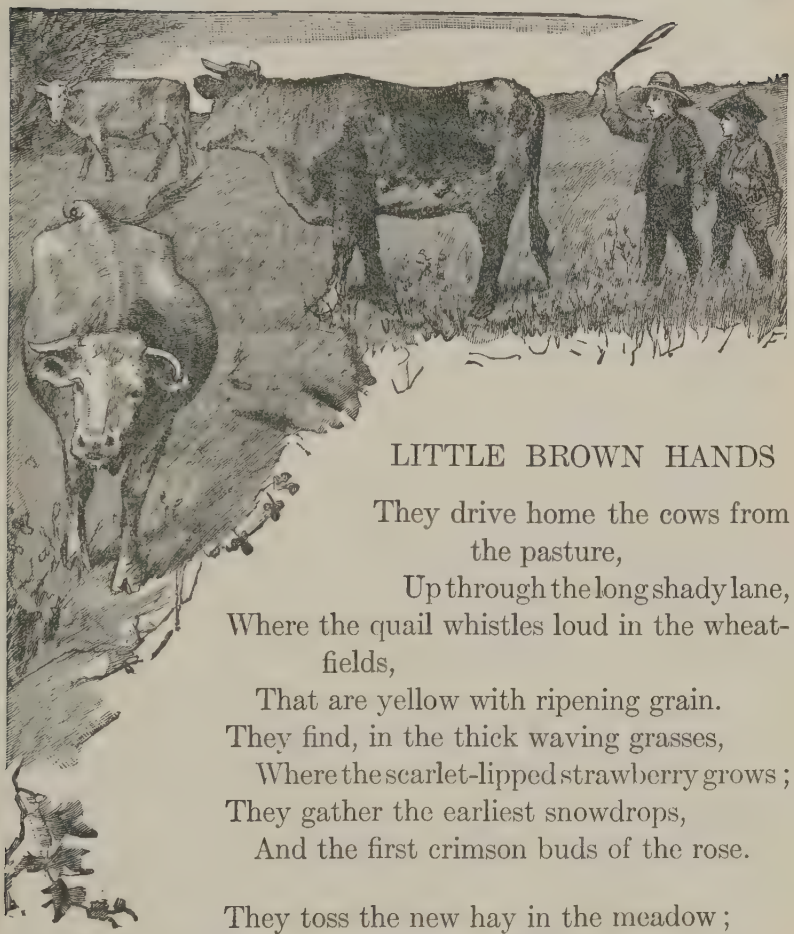
He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

E.P.S
Memorized
A.L.C

Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.



LITTLE BROWN HANDS

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat-fields,
That are yellow with ripening grain.
They find, in the thick waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snowdrops,
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow;
They gather the elder-bloom white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.
They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy's wines,

They know where the fruit hangs the thickest,
On the long, thorny blackberry-vines.

They gather the delicate seaweeds,
And build their castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful seashells —
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.
They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops
Where the oriole's hammock-nest swings,
And at night-time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And so from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
The pen of the author and statesman —
The noble and wise of the land —
The sword, and the chisel, and palette,
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

— Mary H. Krout.

THE HEROINE OF VERCHÈRES

Among the many incidents that are preserved of Frontenac's second administration, none is so well worthy of record as the defence of the fort at Verchères by the young daughter of the seignior. Some years later the story was written down from the heroine's own recital.

Verchères is on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, about twenty miles below Montreal. A strong blockhouse stood outside the fort, and was connected with it by a covered way.

On the morning of the twenty-second of October, 1692, the inhabitants were at work in the fields, and nobody was left in the place but two soldiers, two boys, an old man of eighty, and a number of women and children. The seignior was on duty at Quebec, and his wife was at Montreal. Their daughter Madeleine, fourteen years of age, was at the landing-place, not far from the gate of the fort, with a hired man. Suddenly she heard firing from the direction where the settlers were at work, and an instant after, the man cried out, "Run, Miss, run! here come the Iroquois!" She turned and saw forty or fifty of them at the distance of a pistol-shot. "I ran for the fort. The Iroquois who chased me, seeing that they could not catch me alive before I reached the gate, stopped and fired at me. The bullets whistled about my ears, and made the time seem very long. As soon as I was near enough to be heard, I cried out, '*To arms! To arms!*' At the gate I found two women weeping for their husbands, who had just been killed. I made them go in, and then I shut the gate. I next thought what I could do to save myself and the few people who were with me.

"I went to inspect the fort, and found that several palisades had fallen down, and left openings by which the enemy could easily get in. I ordered them to be set up again, and helped to carry them myself. When the breaches were stopped, I went to the blockhouse where

SALUTING MADELEINE DE VERCHÈRES

the ammunition was kept, and here I found the two soldiers, one hiding in a corner, and the other with a lighted match in his hand. 'What are you going to do with that match?' I asked. He answered, 'Light the powder and blow us all up.' 'You are a miserable coward,' said I; 'go out of this place.' I spoke so resolutely that he obeyed.

"I then threw off my bonnet; and after putting on a hat and taking a gun, I said to my two brothers, 'Let us fight to the death. We are fighting for our country and our religion. Remember, our father has taught you that gentlemen are born to shed their blood for the service of God and the King.' "

The boys, who were twelve and ten years old, aided by the soldiers, whom her words had inspired with some little courage, began to fire from the loopholes upon the Iroquois. They, ignorant of the weakness of the garrison, showed their usual reluctance to attack a fortified place, and occupied themselves with chasing and butchering the people in the neighboring fields.

Madeleine ordered a cannon to be fired, partly to deter the enemy from an assault, and partly to warn some of the soldiers, who were hunting at a distance. Presently a canoe was seen approaching the landing-place. It contained a settler named Fontaine, and his family, who were trying to reach the fort. The Iroquois were still near, and Madeleine feared that the newcomers would be killed, if something were not done to aid them. She appealed to the soldiers, but finding their courage was not equal to the attempt, she herself went to the landing-place and was able to save the Fontaine family. When they were all

landed, she made them march before her in full sight of the enemy. They put so bold a face on that the Iroquois thought they themselves had most to fear.

"After sunset a violent north-east wind began to blow, accompanied with snow and hail. The Iroquois were meanwhile lurking about us; and I judged by their movements that, instead of being deterred by the storm, they would climb into the fort under cover of the darkness. I assembled all my troops, that is to say, six persons, and spoke thus to them, 'God has saved us to-day from the hands of our enemies, but we must take care not to fall into their snares to-night. I will take charge of the fort with an old man of eighty, and you, Fontaine, with our two soldiers, will go to the blockhouse with the women and children, because that is the strongest place. If I am taken, don't surrender, even if I am cut to pieces and burned before your eyes. The enemy can't hurt you in the blockhouse, if you make the least show of fight.'

"I placed my young brothers on two of the bastions, the old man on the third, while I took the fourth; and all night, in spite of wind, snow, and hail, the cries of 'All's well' were kept up from the blockhouse to the fort, and from the fort to the blockhouse. The Iroquois thought the place was full of soldiers and were completely deceived, as they confessed afterwards.

"I may say with truth that I did not eat or sleep for twice twenty-four hours, but kept always on the bastion, or went to the blockhouse to see how the people there were behaving. I always kept a cheerful and smiling face, and encouraged my little company with the hope of speedy succor.

"We were a week in constant alarm, with the enemy always about us. At last a lieutenant arrived in the night with forty men. I was at the time dozing, with my head on the table. The sentinel told me that he heard a voice from the river. I went up at once to the bastion and asked, 'Who are you?' One of them answered, 'We are Frenchmen, who come to bring you help.'

"I caused the gate to be opened, placed a sentinel there, and went down to the river to meet them. As soon as I saw the officer, I saluted him, and said, 'Sir, I surrender my arms to you.' He answered gallantly, 'They are already in good hands.'

"He inspected the fort and found everything in order, and a sentinel on each bastion. 'It is time to relieve them, sir,' said I; 'we have not been off our bastions for a week.' "

— Francis Parkman.

JOHN GILPIN

John Gilpin was a citizen
  Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
  Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear:
  "Though wedded we have been
These thrice ten tedious years, yet we
  No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied: "I do admire
Of womankind but one;
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin: "That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find,
That though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in, —
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folks so glad!
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side,
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again: —

For saddletree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty, screaming, came downstairs:
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good-lack!" quoth he, "yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword,
When I do exercise."

Now, Mrs. Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well-brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly!" John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button, failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung, —
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin — who but he?
His fame soon spread around:
"He carries weight! he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols did he play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the Wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton, his loving wife
From the balcony espied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! — Here's the house!"
They all at once did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired."
Said Gilpin: — "So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there!
For why? — his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly — which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate
And thus accosted him:

"What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall;
Say, why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all!"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:

"I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forbode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig,
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn,
Thus showed his ready wit:
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away,
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John: "It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife would dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said:
"I am in haste to dine:
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine."

Ah! luckless speech, and bootless boast,
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear:

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
He lost them sooner than at first;
For why? — they were too big.

Now, mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country — far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth, she said,
That drove them to the Bell:
"This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband, safe and well."

The youth did ride and soon did meet
John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

But, not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels, —
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:

"Stop, thief! stop, thief! — a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike-gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long live the king,
And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

— William Cowper.

TENT HOUSE

Our passage from the wrecked ship, though tedious, was safe; but the nearer we approached the shore the less inviting it appeared; the barren rocks seemed to threaten us with misery and want. Many casks, boxes, and bales of goods floated on the water around us. Fritz and I managed to secure a couple of hogsheads, so as to tow them alongside. With the prospect of famine before us, it was desirable to lay hold of anything likely to contain provisions.

By and by we began to perceive that, between and beyond the cliffs, green grass and trees could be seen. Fritz could

distinguish many tall palms, and Ernest hoped they would prove to be cocoa-nut trees and enjoyed the thoughts of drinking the refreshing milk.

"I am very sorry I never thought of bringing away the captain's telescope," said I.

"Oh, look here, father!" cried Jack, drawing a little spy-glass joyfully out of his pocket.

By means of this glass, I made out that at some distance to the left the coast was much more inviting; a strong current, however, carried us directly towards the frowning rocks. But I presently saw an opening, where a stream flowed into the sea and saw that our geese and ducks were swimming towards this place.

I steered after them into the creek, and we found ourselves in a small bay or inlet, where the water was perfectly smooth and of moderate depth. The ground sloped gently upward from the low banks to the cliffs, which here retired inland, leaving a small plain, on which it was easy for us to land. Every one sprang gladly out of the boat but little Franz, who, lying packed in a tub like a potted shrimp, had to be lifted out by his mother.

The dogs had scrambled on shore before us; they received us with loud barking and the wildest signs of delight. The geese and ducks kept up a ceaseless din, added to which was the screaming and croaking of the birds whose home we were invading. The noise was deafening, but far from unwelcome to me, as I thought of the good dinners these birds might furnish.

As soon as we could gather our children around us on dry land, we knelt to offer thanks and praise for our merciful

escape, and with full hearts we commended ourselves to God's good keeping for the time to come.

All hands then briskly fell to the work of unloading, and oh, how rich we felt ourselves as we did so! The poultry we left at liberty to forage for themselves and set about finding a suitable place to erect a tent in which to pass the

night. This we speedily did: thrusting a long spar into a hole in the rock, and propping the other end by a pole firmly planted in the ground, we formed a framework over which we stretched the sailcloth we had brought. Besides fastening this down with pegs, we placed our heavy chest and boxes on the border of the canvas and arranged hooks, so as to be able to close up the entrance during the night.

When this was done, the boys ran to collect moss and grass to spread in the tent for our beds, while I arranged a

fire-place with some large flat stones, near the brook which flowed close by. Dry twigs and seaweed were soon in a blaze on the hearth; I filled the iron pot with water, giving my wife several cakes of the portable soup, and she established herself as our cook, with little Franz to help her.

Fritz, meanwhile, leaving a loaded gun with me, took another himself and went along the rough coast to see what lay beyond the stream. This fatiguing sort of walk not suiting Ernest's fancy, he sauntered down to the beach, and Jack scrambled among the rocks searching for shellfish.

I was anxious to land the two casks which were floating alongside our boat. On attempting to do so, I found that I could not get them up the bank on which we had landed and was therefore obliged to look for a more convenient spot. As I did so, I was startled by hearing Jack shouting for help, as though in great danger. He was at some distance, and I hurried towards him with a hatchet in my hand. The little fellow stood screaming in a deep pool, and, as I approached, I saw that a huge lobster had caught his leg in its powerful claw.

Poor Jack was in a terrible fright; kick as he would, his enemy still clung on. I waded into the water, and, seizing the lobster firmly by the back, managed to make it loosen its hold, and we brought it safe to land. Jack, having speedily recovered his spirits, and anxious to take such a prize to his mother, caught the lobster in both hands, but instantly received such a severe blow from its tail, that he flung it down and passionately hit the creature with a large stone. This display of temper vexed me. "You are acting in a very childish way, my son," said I; "never strike an

enemy in a revengeful spirit." Once more lifting the lobster, Jack ran triumphantly towards the tent.

"Mother, mother! a lobster, Ernest! look here, Franz! mind, he'll bite you! Where's Fritz?" All came crowding round Jack and his prize, wondering at its unusual size. Ernest wanted his mother to make lobster soup directly, by adding it to what she was now boiling.

She, however, begged to decline making any such experiment and said she preferred cooking one dish at a time. Having remarked that the scene of Jack's adventure afforded a convenient place for getting my casks on shore, I returned thither and succeeded in drawing them up on the beach, where I set them on end and for the present left them.

On my return I resumed the subject of Jack's lobster and told him he should have the offending claw all to himself, when it was ready to be eaten, congratulating him on being the first to discover anything useful.

"Now," said my wife, tasting the soup with the stick with which she had been stirring it, "dinner is ready. But where can Fritz be?" she continued, a little anxiously.

"How are we to eat our soup when he does come?" I asked. "We have neither plates nor spoons, and we can scarcely lift the boiling pot to our mouths. We are in as uncomfortable a position as was the fox to whom the stork served up a dinner in a jug with a long neck."

"Oh, for a few cocoa-nut shells!" sighed Ernest.

"Oh, for a half dozen plates and as many silver spoons!" rejoined I, smiling.

"Really though, oyster-shells would do," said he, after a moment's thought.

"True, that is an idea worth having! Off with you, my boys; get the oysters and clean out a few shells. What if our spoons have no handles, and we do burn our fingers a little in bailing the soup out!"

Jack was away and up to his knees in the water, in a moment, detaching the oysters. Ernest followed more leisurely, and, still unwilling to wet his feet, stood by the margin of the pool and gathered in his handkerchief the oysters his brother threw him.

Jack had been vainly trying to open an oyster with his large knife. "Here is a simpler way," said I, placing an oyster on the fire; it immediately opened. "Now," I continued, "who will try this delicacy?" All at first hesitated to partake of them, so unattractive did they appear. Jack, however, tightly closing his eyes and making a face as though about to take medicine, gulped one down. We followed his example, one after the other, each doing so rather to provide himself with a spoon than with any hope of acquiring a taste for oysters.

Our spoons were now ready, and, gathering round the pot, we dipped them in, not, however, without sundry scalded fingers.

By this time the sun was sinking beneath the horizon, and the poultry, which had been straying to some little distance, gathered round us and began to pick up the crumbs of biscuit which had fallen during our repast. My wife hereupon drew from her mysterious bag some handfuls of oats, peas, and other grain, and with them began to feed the poultry.

The pigeons now flew up to crevices in the rocks, the

fowls perched themselves on our tent pole, and the ducks and geese waddled off, cackling and quacking, to the marshy margin of the river. We, too, were ready for repose, and, having loaded our guns, offered up our prayers to God. Thanking Him for His many mercies to us, we commended ourselves to His protecting care, and as the last ray of light departed, closed our tent and lay down to rest.

—John David Wyss.

From "The Swiss Family Robinson."

THE WHITE SHIP

Henry I, king of England, went over to Normandy with his son Prince William and a great retinue to have the prince acknowledged as his successor, and to contract a marriage between him and the daughter of the Count of Anjou. Both these things were triumphantly done, with great show and rejoicing; and on the 25th of November, in the year 1120, the whole company prepared to embark for the voyage home.

On that day, there came to the king, Fitz-Stephen, a sea-captain, and said, "My liege, my father served your father all his life upon the sea. He steered the ship with the golden boy upon the prow, in which your father sailed to conquer England. I have a fair vessel in the harbor here, called *The White Ship*, manned by fifty sailors of renown. I pray you, Sire, to let your servant have the honor of steering you in *The White Ship* to England."

"I am sorry, friend," replied the king, "that my ship is

already chosen, and that I cannot, therefore, sail with the son of the man who served my father. But the prince and his company shall go along with you in the fair *White Ship* manned by the fifty sailors of renown." An hour or two afterwards, the king set sail in the vessel he had chosen, accompanied by other vessels, and, sailing all night with a fair and gentle wind, arrived upon the coast of England in the morning. While it was yet night, the people in some of these ships heard a faint, wild cry come over the sea, and wondered what it was.

Now the prince was a dissolute young man of eighteen, who bore no love to the English, and who had declared that when he came to the throne, he would yoke them to the plough like oxen. He went aboard *The White Ship* with one hundred and forty youthful nobles like himself, among whom were eighteen noble ladies of the highest rank. All this gay company, with their servants and the fifty sailors, made three hundred souls aboard the fair *White Ship*.

"Give three casks of wine, Fitz-Stephen," said the prince, "to the fifty sailors of renown. My father the king has sailed out of the harbor. What time is there to make merry here, and yet reach England with the rest?"

"Prince," said Fitz-Stephen, "before morning my fifty and *The White Ship* shall overtake the swiftest vessel in attendance on your father the king, if we sail at midnight." Then the prince commanded to make merry; and the sailors drank the three casks of wine; and the prince and all the noble company danced in the moonlight on the deck.

When, at last, the ship shot out of the harbor, there was

not a sober seaman on board. But the sails were all set, and the oars all going merrily. Fitz-Stephen had the helm. The gay young nobles and the beautiful ladies, wrapped in mantles of various bright colors to protect them from the cold, talked, laughed, and sang. The prince encouraged the fifty sailors to row yet harder, for the honor of *The White Ship*.

Crash! A terrific cry broke from three hundred hearts. It was the cry the people, in the distant vessels of the king, heard faintly on the water. *The White Ship* had struck upon a rock, — was filling, — going down! Fitz-Stephen hurried the prince into a boat with some few nobles. "Push off," he whispered, "and row to the land. It is not far off, and the sea is smooth. The rest of us must die." But as they rowed fast away from the sinking ship, the prince heard the voice of his sister calling for help. He never in his life had been so noble as he was then. He cried in agony, "Row back at any risk! I cannot bear to leave her!"

They rowed back. As the prince held out his arms to catch his sister, such numbers leaped into the boat that it was overturned. And in the same instant *The White Ship* went down. Only two men floated. They both clung to the main-yard of the ship, which had broken from the mast and now supported them. One asked the other who he was. He replied, "I am a nobleman, — Godfrey by name, son of Gilbert. And you?" — "I am a poor butcher of Rouen," was the answer. Then they said together, "Lord be merciful to us both!" and tried to encourage each other as they drifted in the cold, benumbing sea on that unfortunate November night.

By and by another man came swimming towards them, whom they knew, when he pushed aside his long wet hair, to be Fitz-Stephen. "Where is the prince?" said he. "Gone, gone!" the two cried together. "Neither he, nor his brother, nor his sister, nor the king's niece, nor her brother, nor any of all the brave three hundred, noble or commoner, except us three, has risen above the water!" Fitz-Stephen, with a ghastly face, cried, "Woe! woe to me!" and sank to the bottom.

The other two clung to the yard for some hours. At length the young noble said faintly, "I am exhausted, and chilled with the cold, and can hold no longer. Farewell, good friend! God preserve you!" So he dropped and sank; and, of all the brilliant crowd, the poor butcher of Rouen alone was saved. In the morning some fishermen saw him floating in his sheepskin coat and got him into their boat — the sole relater of the dismal tale.

For three days no one dared to carry the intelligence to the king. At length they sent into his presence a little boy, who, weeping bitterly and falling at his feet, told him that *The White Ship* was lost with all on board. The king fell to the ground like a dead man and never, never afterwards was seen to smile. — Charles Dickens.

There's not a flower that decks the vale,
  There's not a beam that lights the mountain,
There's not a shrub that scents the gale,
  There's not a wind that stirs the fountain,
But in its use or beauty shows
  True love to us, and love undying.

CANADA! MAPLE LAND!

Canada! Maple land! Land of great mountains!
Lake-land and River-land! Land 'twixt the seas!
Grant us, God, hearts that are large as our heritage,
Spirits as free as the breeze!

Grant us Thy fear that we walk in humility —
Fear that is reverent, not fear that is base;
Grant to us righteousness, wisdom, prosperity,
Peace — if unstained by disgrace.

Grant us Thy love and the love of our country;
Grant us Thy strength, for our strength's in Thy name;
Shield us from danger, from every adversity,
Shield us, O Father, from shame!

Last born of Nations! the offspring of freedom!
Heir to wide prairies, thick forests, red gold!
God grant us wisdom to value our birthright,
Courage to guard what we hold!

— Alfred Beverly Cox.